National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 29. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856. WHOLE NO. 861.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 Nassau St., New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

The Spirit of the South.

RESTORATION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA RECOMMENDING IT.

EXTRACTS FROM THE MESSAGE OF GOVERNOR ADAMS.

The object for which you were recently convened in extra session has been determined. The popular voice has declared in favour of the party of our preference. The past admonishes us to reserve the full measure of our rejoicing to the day when the avowed policy of the party shall have been honestly carried out; when justice shall be reestablished, and tranquillity be restored to the country. Then, indeed, will the victory be one worthy of the strongest demonstration which patriotism can indulge. So far as the result may be regarded as a rebuke to that Northern party whose principle of cohesion is hatred to the South, we share in the general satisfaction. Considered in reference to the vital issue between the North and the South, I fear that it will be a barren triumph—that it will prove to be, at best, but a brief respite of feverish, exhausting excitement, destined to end in embittered feeling and distracted counsel among ourselves. Slavery and Free Soilism can never be reconciled. Our enemies have been defeated—not vanquished. A majority of the free States have declared against the South, upon a purely sectional issue, and in the remainder of them formidable minorities fiercely contended for victory under the same banner. The triumph of this geographical party must dissolve the Confederacy, unless we are prepared to sink down into a state of acknowledged inferiority. We will act wisely to employ the interval of repose afforded by the late election in earnest preparation for the inevitable conflict. The Southern States have never demanded more than equality and security. They cannot submit to less, and remain in the Union, without dishonour and ultimate ruin.

The outward pressure against the institution of slavery should prompt us to do all we can to fortify it within. Diffusion is strength—concentration, weakness. Our true policy is to diffuse the slave population as much as possible, and thus secure in the whole community the motives of self-interest for its support. I have no doubt of the inherent ability of the institution to maintain itself against all assaults. It is the basis of our political organism, and it would not be difficult to show that the poorest white man among us is directly concerned in its preservation; but the argument of self-interest is easy of comprehension and sure of action. I recommend the passage of a law exempting from sale (under contracts to be hereafter entered into) at least one slave. Such an immunity would stimulate every one to exert himself to possess his family at least of a property in some degree above the casualties of debt. As you multiply the number who acquire the property, so will you widen and deepen the determination to sustain the institution.

The consumption of cotton has steadily increased, and will in a few years exceed the supply—not from want, on our part, of land on which to grow it, but from want of operators to cultivate it. The demand for the article being greater than the supply, the price must go up, in the absence of all disturbing causes. As long as this continues to be the case, we must prosper; but the certain effect of high prices will be to stimulate the growth of it in foreign countries, and in time to destroy the monopoly which we have so long enjoyed. The possession of this monopoly is the chief element of Southern prosperity, and the dependence of the manufacturing interest on us for a supply of this article will continue to prove to be one of our strongest safeguards. The amount of cotton now grown in the East Indies should open our eyes to our true policy. The idea that African slaves only can successfully grow cotton is an entire mistake. Under British domination, *free* SLAVES are now producing in the East more than the entire crop of the United States in 1820. From a report of the Hon. W. L. Marcy, Secretary of State, in answer to a resolution of Congress, it appears that during the year 1855 the shipments of cotton to Great Britain were from the United States, in round numbers, 679,000,000 of pounds, and from the East Indies, Egypt and Brazil, 202,000,000 of pounds. Whenever England and the continent can procure their supply of the raw material elsewhere than from us, and the cotton States are limited to the home market, then will our doom be sealed. Destroy the value of slave labour and emancipation follows inevitably. This England, our commercial rival, clearly sees, and hence her systematic efforts to stimulate the production of cotton in the east. The success which has thus far attended those efforts will incite her to redouble them. The East Indies abound in fertile land and cheap labour. France, too, is encouraging and stimulating its growth in Algeria, with like advantages of soil and labour. To maintain our present position, we must have cheap labour also. This can be obtained in but one way—by reopening the African slave trade. Until Providence interposes and changes his organism, the African must continue to be a "hewer of wood and drawer of water." It is a diseased sentimentality which starts back at the idea of legalizing the slave trade, and at the same time contemplates without emotion the cruel servitude which capital exacts of labour, all the world over. There was a time when canting philanthropists had instilled into us a belief that slavery was wrong. Investigation has entirely changed the once common sentiment on this point. The South now believes that a mysterious Providence has brought the two races together on this continent for wise purposes, and that the existing relation has been mutually beneficial. Southern slavery has elevated the African to a degree of civilization which the black race has never attained in any other age or country. "We see it now in its true light, and regard it as the most safe and stable basis for free institutions in the world." Had the slave trade never been closed, the equilibrium between the North and the South would not have been destroyed. The North has had the Old World from which to draw her supply of labour, and hence the rapid settlement of the North-West. Since 1808 the South has supplied her own labour, and has necessarily made slower progress in settling up the South-West. If the trade were open now, I am persuaded that the South would not consent to close it; and this is, perhaps, the best answer to the argument derived from the mere sentiment that is arrayed against the proposition. It is apprehended that the opening of this trade will lessen the value of slaves, and ultimately destroy the institution. It is a sufficient answer to point to the fact that unrestricted immigration has not diminished the value of labour in the north-western section of the Confederacy. The cry there is, want of labour, notwithstanding capital has the pauperism of the Old World to press into its grinding service. If we cannot supply the demand for slave labour, then we must expect to be supplied with a species of labour we do not want, and which is, from the very nature of things, antagonistic to our institutions. It is much better that our drays should be driven by slaves—that our factories should be worked by slaves—that our hotels should be served by slaves—that our locomotives should be manned by slaves, than that we should be exposed to the introduction, from any quarter, of a population alien to us by birth, training and education, and which, in the process of time, must lead to that conflict between capital and labour "which makes it so difficult to maintain free institutions in all wealthy and highly civilized nations where such institutions as ours do not exist." In all slaveholding States true policy dictates that the superior race should direct, and the inferior perform all menial service. Competition between the white and black man for this service may not disturb Northern sensibility, but it does not exactly suit our latitude. Irrespective, however, of interest, the act of Congress declaring the slave trade piracy is a brand upon us which I think it important to remove. If the trade be piracy, the slave must be plunder; and no ingenuity can avoid the logical necessity of such conclusion. My hopes and fortunes are indissolubly associated with this form of society. I feel that I would be wanting in duty if I did not urge you to withdraw your assent to an act which is itself a direct condemnation of our institutions. But we have interests to enforce a course of self-respect. I believe, as I have already stated, that more slaves are necessary to a continuance of our monopoly in plantation products. I believe that they are necessary to the full development of our whole round of agricultural and mechanical resources; that they are necessary to the restoration of the South to an equality of power in the General Government, perhaps to the very integrity of slave society, disturbed as it has been by causes which have indueed an undue proportion of the ruling race. To us have been committed the fortunes of this peculiar form of society resulting from the union of unequal races. It has vindicated its claim to the approbation of an enlightened humanity. It has civilized and Christianized the African. It has exalted the white race itself to higher hopes and purposes, and it is perhaps of the most sacred obligation that we should give it the means of expansion, and that we should press it forward to a perpetuity of progress.

I have received "Resolutions of the Legislature of New Hampshire in relation to the late acts of violence and bloodshed perpetrated by the Slave Power in the Territory of Kansas, and at the National Capital." In the exercise of a discretion which I think rightfully appertains to the Executive department, I decline to lay these resolutions before your honourable bodies. I care not what may be the theory of State intercommunication, I will not submit to be made the medium of transmitting from any quarter an insult to my own State. The Constitution imposes no such duty on the Executive. The usage of the better days of the Republic commands my respect, but it cannot reconcile me to acts of courtesy to those who would gloat in seeing the torch applied to our dwellings and the knife to our throats.

ACTION OF THE LEGISLATURE.

From The Carolina Times, Nov. 26.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, NOV. 25, 1856.

The hour of 1 o'clock arriving, the special order of the day, the Governor's message, was taken up on motion of Mr. E. B. Bryan, the several subjects of which he, in the form of a resolution, proposed should be referred to Committees, and that such portion as relates to the subject of slavery, and advises the expediency of removing all prohibitory enactments and reopening the slave trade, be referred to a Special Committee of Seven.

Mr. McCrady, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, rose and asked for an explanation as to the reference to a Special Committee of the subject of a revival of the slave trade. He said that there were two standing Committees to either of which the question might seem legitimately to belong, of one of which he was Chairman—hence the reason of his asking an explanation why a special Committee was asked. It would be better to refer the matter, which was new, to the Committee of the Whole, where it might be fully discussed.

Mr. Read said the object of appointing Committees was to facilitate business; but if every member had a special Committee to take in charge his particular project, the end aimed at would be defeated.

Mr. Mullens thought the subject should not go to the Committee of the Whole; it has sprung upon us; it is novel and needs to be examined and discussed. He wished a complete and careful examination of the question, and a full report. If it should go to the Committee of the Whole, there would be a random debate—no direct issue made, and no practical result obtained. Valuable time would be consumed, the debate dragging its slow length along, made the special order from day to day, each member anxious for a chance to be heard, and so the matter, in wandering mazes lost, would reach no available conclusion.

Mr. Bryan thought a Special Committee due the importance of the subject.

Mr. McCrady, in reply, said his reason for a reference to the Committee of the Whole was because the subject was new. Suppose we do nothing; suppose we refer the matter to another session; nevertheless it is proper to discuss it. If it does draw its slow length along, still let us see if we are really in earnest to do anything.

Mr. Gadberry—The debate on this question can result only in a memorial to Congress; a Special Committee would be better informed and more able to instruct us. They can report and furnish the House with something tangible to debate upon or to act upon.

Mr. Read—The subject is said to be new. Since I have been here as Chairman of the Committee on Coloured Population, I have made two reports on the matter. It came up on a presentment from the Grand Jury of Richland District.

Mr. Pope—We in Carolina can frame no law on this subject. We can make no application to Congress, for it would not be entertained there. With us it would not be a question of reopening the slave trade, but one of union or disunion, and disunion not merely from the North, but from the South also.

Mr. Yeadon hoped the question would not be referred to the Committee of the Whole. He entertained no favourable feeling to the subject, and thought it not of sufficient importance to be referred to a Committee reserved usually for the most grave and serious discussion. He moved that it be referred to the Committee on Coloured Population. In reply to Mr. Read, who took exception to the statute seemingly assigned to the Committee of which he was the exponent, Mr. Yeadon denied all intention to reflect on that Committee, and said he deemed it highly respectable, though not of the highest grade; but that it might well take charge of the proposition, which was, however, wholly impracticable, as a home affair.

Mr. Richardson regretted to see anything in the topic to excite feeling. Nothing more foreign from it than the question of Union. We discuss the tariff, propositions of national finance, internal improvements, though South Carolina has no power to act on any one of these matters. If the subject is worth discussion, this is the place for it. Let it be intelligently, temperately discussed. I regret to see that it appears already to have been made a party question. I am not possessed of that large philanthropy which is willing to pay so much for the civilization of the African in his native wilds. My opinion is, that this question does occupy the public mind, and it is our province and duty to ascertain how far it does so. It must of necessity do so where the demand is pressing and the price high. When novel questions are prescuted, entitled, as this is, to our gravest consideration, it is proper to refer it to a Special Committee; and cannot be considered disrespect to the standing committees.

Mr. McCrady here withdrew his motion to refer the subject to the Committee of the Whole, and

Mr. Yeadon moved that a Special Committee of seven be stricken from the resolutions, and the Committee on Coloured Population substituted. Mr. Y. avowed his intention to treat the Governor's project with as little respect as is consistent with parliamentary usage. I do not, said he, think it can ever assume sufficient importance to be mooted in the Congress of the United States. I consider the matter a serious mischief, and wish to crush it in the bud. It is absurd; it is utterly impracticable; it is hopeless; it can never be presented to Congress.

Mr. Perry—I hope it will not go to the Committee on Population. We seek to repeal an act of Congress, and the right direction is to the Committee on Federal Relations.

Mr. Yeadon meant to throw no imputation upon the Governor; that officer has his highest regard, nay, his admiration, but he has no respect for his proposition, and should show it none. A man of the highest attainments and character might sometimes project an absurd, impracticable proposition.

The question was now called for, on the motion to refer to the Committee on Coloured Population, and, the Yeas and Nays being taken, the result was: Yeas, 20; Nays, 91.

So the motion was lost.

Mr. McGowen then moved to amend the resolution, by substituting the Committee on Federal Relations.

Mr. Seymour explained that he would vote against the motion, wishing that committee to have nothing to do with our home-matters.

Mr. Perry—The subject is local, and it is also federal, therefore its proper direction is to the Committee on Federal Relations. The Standing Committees express the sense of the House, and their reports may properly go out to the world as the exponent of such sense; but Special Committees are composed of the friends of a measure, and as such express partial views—the opinions, perhaps, of a few gentlemen; and yet their reports may be taken as expressing the opinion of this House.

Mr. Middleton advocated a reference to a Special Committee.

Mr. Mullins (somewhat in reply to the gentleman from Greenville) said, that argument in favour of the proposition is what we want. No report of a Special Committee can go out as the opinion of the House, unless the House confirms it. We should be informed of this matter by a careful and elaborate exposition; and if it be of vital importance, I want to know it.

Mr. McGowan meant no disrespect to any committee. They all labour in the discharge of such duties as are assigned to them, and labour is dignity; but he thought the proper direction of this subject to be to the Committee on Federal Relations.

Mr. Richardson—This question, novel, interesting and important, is much more likely to receive attention and be reported upon by a special committee, charged with it alone, than by a standing committee, burdened with the numerous and various duties committed to them in the course of legislation.

Mr. Tracy said there was one view not presented, in which this matter was not ouly local, not only national, but one in which it would affect the tone and touch the whole civilized world. He would say nothing of its merits, but thought it fully entitled to the consideration of a special committee.

The question was taken on the motion to refer to the Committee on Federal Relations, and resulted; Yeas, 45; Nays, 62.

So the motion was lost.

The question now recurred on the original resolution, which was agreed to, as offered by Mr. E. B. Bryan. The Speaker stated that he would take time to name the Special Committee.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA PRESS.

From The Charleston Standard, November 26.

The principal feature of the Governor's Message, which we publish to-day, is the proposition to remove Congressional restrictions from the African slave trade, and in this we think we see the dawn of a new era in South Carolina. The public mind of this State and of the South has been in bondage. We have taken the fetters of a foreign sentiment, and if we have not hugged them, we have not dared to strike them off. From the earliest records of our political experience, we have bent to a course of abnegation. We fancied our form of society offensive to the tastes of other people, and we shrunk from its assertion; whenever they proposed a check, we submitted to it. We consented to come into Union with a representation of only three fifths of our labouring population; in consideration of the disgust of other societies at the institution of domestic slavery, we permitted the importation of slaves to be restricted; in consideration of getting another State into the Union, we consented to an exclusion from a portion of the common territory; we have confessed evils of our system by submitting to the abuse of it; we have acknowledged the superiority of Northern society by lending our strength to elevate it; we have put it forward as the exponent of American civilization; we have concurred in the adoption of a policy which gave to them the commercial wealth of the country; what they willed we took for right; while we lauded their society, we abused our own; in the face of facts to the contrary, we admitted the efficacy and order there which did not exist. With every precept of experience to the contrary, we have encouraged even our own orators in the task of showing that we have failed in competition with the North; and industriously bending into shapes to be the least exacting and offensive, we have stood aside and freely given up to them the glories, the power and the traditions of the Union.

But while such has been our condition, the nature of the South has risen up against it. There has not been room enough in abnegation and abasement for a magnanimous people. We have wanted room for something more. Slavery itself revolts against assumptions to its prejudice. While we have admitted stagnation, there has been progress; while we have admitted proneness to evil, there has been good; when there should have been disorder, there has been order; and for cruelty there has been harmony and kindness; and though timid and time-serving politicians have tried to keep the spirits under, and with agitated hands have covered it up in the hope that it might sleep or die, it still lived on. The ennobling energies of Southern society—a higher and a better than the one to which we have paid the tribute of our idolatry—have struggled against the chains of manipulation and the fetters of opinion; its utterances, however checked, have yet fallen at times upon the ear, and at last a voice has come from the Capitol of South Carolina, which breaks the spell, and will be reverberated louder and louder on, along the land, while there are hills in the Southern States to catch the echo.

Such is the era of emancipation which we think has dawned upon the South. The measure of reopening the slave trade may not be vital to our interest. Though we would be the better of more labour, we can do without it—but we can never do our high office in the work of human progress without the purpose to compel the recognition and acknowledgment of our own peculiar institution. If, in fact, the trade were reopened, it would give opportunity to enterprise at the South; it would give civilization to other savages; it would give labour to our resources; and millions to the wealth of this State. But it is chiefly important for the reason that it will give to the South an opening and an object. Hitherto we have had no opening, and patriotism itself has been a eulogy of a society antagonistic to our own. Hitherto we have had no object, unless that be one, to propitiate the North. We have confessed their censures to be right by deprecating their severity; we have striven for the toleration of slavery by ignoring its distinctive features; and we have been content to any exclusion from the prospects of its perpetuation by slight concessions to its temporary necessities; but, to have something to ask upon our own part; to rise to the vigour of a living system; to feel that we have a cause to advance; that a social trust has been committed to our keeping, which we are bound to perpetuate; that we are to be unhanded of Federal legislation, not so much for the reason that it hurts us as for the reason that there is no right to lay a hand upon us—this is the object that will give us manhood, and we will take our steps to the very bulwarks of the Federal Government with an intrepidity which, as outlaws, we have never felt. The South has been weak and in danger, because she has ever been upon the defensive, and it is to be doubted whether endurance is ever equal to infliction; but, when we also take the aggressive attitude and stand before them as their peer and equal, they will bend in supplication to us for that very forbearance which we have been content to ask of them. And it is as the first movement in this direction—the first step to this result—the first official utterance of a spirit of Southern independence, that we regard the Message of Gov. Adams as the most important document that has appeared in the country since the period of the Revolution.

It is a step which will never be receded from. The South has already shown the purpose and the ability to reward her champions; one Representative from South Carolina has already found that in that way glory lies; others will make the same discovery; and we believe that the tide of events will now roll on with accumulated volume, until the South shall be redeemed of Federal servitude or become the sovereign arbitress of her own destiny.

From The Charleston Mercury, Nov. 26.

Another topic which is likely to excite something more than interest is the recommendation of the revival of the African slave trade. We suppose it will occasion violent bursts of philanthropy and scolding from the Northern press, particularly as it is the first time that a high public functionary, in the discharge of his official duties, has made such a recommendation. One objection has been urged strongly against it, privately; that if the trade were reopened, the New Englanders would monopolize the profit. This would, doubtless, be the case, but we consider it by no means a decisive objection. They would, undoubtedly, absorb the trade, and they would realize the immediate profits of it; but the South would reap after advantages in the increase of her population and industrial resources. We might be satisfied with our share in the adventure. But one thing, we think, should be insisted upon steadily and peremptorily—that the slave trade, when revived, should be put under the same protection and restrictions of law as the emigrant trade. But all possible legal protections should be made to surround the trade in slaves; and that, while they raised the masters and owners of vessels from the condition of pirates and outlaws, they should also secure to the slaves themselves comfortable room, food and good treatment, in their passage across the ocean. It is the outlawry of the slave trade that has made it a system of cruelty. Give it the protection and regulations of law, and it would naturally fall into a system of humanity, where the interests of the owners and the well-being of the slaves are perfectly harmonious.

From The Columbia Times.

The more exciting topics—the institution of slavery, the continuing necessity for slave labour, and, above all, the fact that cheap labour is the only vital element which would add prosperity to the rural pursuits of the planting States—furnish themes for the balance of the Message not already noted. The reopening of the slave trade, and its bold and manly advocacy by the South, is now demanded by the position in which we are relatively situated to those who oppose our domestic institution. The mere act of Congress declaring the slave trade "piracy" was passed at a time when the justice of slavery was not advocated as boldly, even in the South, as it now is. We have done temporizing with our adversaries, and the sentimental, puritanical condemnation which ten years ago feebly opposed the institution, is now hushed forever. Not a voice in the South will ever hereafter be raised to say that slavery is wrong or wicked, and no excuse is wanting to boldly sustain the claims of the slaveholder against all who may wish to injure or suppress his rights as owner or master. That act of Congress, as it stands upon the statute-book, is a blot upon the character of the slaveholder—for, if it declares the slave trade "piracy," its defaming effects must continue to proclaim to the world that the negroes now held by us as slaves are also "plunder." Will, and can, we submit longer to such a state of things? The approaching expiration of the treaty for the maintenance of an armed naval force on the coast of Africa furnishes at least a plausible opportunity for the discussion of this question. We should press this discussion in order to arrive at a proper solution of those causes which have so stimulated Northern progress, fattening, as it does, upon cheap pauper labour—and the stand-still state of the South, whose labour is only furnished by the natural progeneration of our slaves. We are willing that they may derive their supplies of labour from the starving hamlets of over-peopled Europe, but we claim to be allowed to elevate, civilize and Christianize the African for the same purposes—and with better results for the progress of mankind. In connection with these matters the Executive has most wisely recommended the exemption of "one negro to each family from levy and sale." This would add hundreds and thousands to the list of slaveholders, and immeasurable strength to the institution, by enrolling into it those persons who now stand aloof, hesitating to invest small means in this species of property. The introduction of "*new negroes*" into the country would not deteriorate the value of trained and civilized negroes now owned by our people; but their entire labour would be taken up and absorbed in remunerating prices for our staples before they could be introduced into the country in such numbers as to be felt in this particular. Labour is too dear now to allow us to improve our agricultural resources. If we had cheap labour to aid us, we could improve our lands, and the cheaply purchased "new negro," acquired at a low rate, instead of sinking his cultivated co labourer to his own lower standard of value, would rapidly rise, and thus fix additional wealth on his owner.

We have but one thing to fear in the reopening of the slave trade, and that would be, that the Yankees would be the first to engage in it, and reap all the rewards of the traffic. They, too, would not be scrupulous in the manner in which they would indulge in it, and might give some cause for the reprehension of cruelty to their sympathetic brethren.

We hope all these matters connected with this subject will be referred to a strong and bold Committee, and that the simmering sentimentality of those who still prate upon exploded theories will be met by arguments conducive to the future welfare of the South.

OPPOSITION VIEWS.

Columbia (S. C.) Correspondence of The Charleston Courier.

The formal indorsement of the popular vagaries of the Charleston *Standard*, on the subject of the slave trade, is deeply to be regretted. *It is not only impracticable, but undesirable, in every point of view.* Humanity, and the interests of the South, alike forbid it. It would array against us the sentiment of the civilized world; it would revive, or at least extend, the horrors of the middle passage; involve Africa in intestine wars to furnish subjects for the proposed traffic, and convert her into an aceldama, a field of blood; and it would render slave property so cheap as to be worthless, and, perhaps, slaves so worthless as to be dear at any price. Our slaves multiply in a ratio quite rapid enough, for the good of the South—an importation of 375,000 (the entire importation into the Union, as Colonies and as States, from the commencement of the slave trade to its abolition, in 1808) has multitudinously increased into *four millions;* and we need not the aid of new importations to swell the already "populous No" of slavery—of a fresh horde of savages and heathen to barbarize and unchristianize our now civilized, gentle and religious peasantry. I have neither time nor space to pursue this theme, and must conclude with the expression of perfect confidence that the unwise project *will scarcely enlist a decent support.*

Selections.

DANIEL WEBSTER IN 1850.

From the second volume of his Private Correspondence.

TO THE REV. MR. FURNESS.

WASHINGTON, February 15, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: I was a good deal moved, I confess, by reading your letter of the 9th January. Having great regard for your talents and character, I could not feel indifferent to what you said, when you intimated that there was, or might be, in me a power to do good, not yet exercised or developed. It may be so; but I fear, my dear sir, that you overrate, not my desire, but my power to be useful in my day and generation.

From my earliest youth I have regarded slavery as a great moral and political evil. I think it unjust, repugnant to the natural equality of mankind, founded only in superior power; a standing and permanent conquest by the stronger over the weaker. All pretence of defending it on the ground of different races, I have ever condemned. I have even said that if the black race is weaker, that is a reason against, not for, its subjection and oppression. In a religious point of view, I have ever regarded it, and ever spoken of it, not as subject to any express denunciation, either in the Old Testament or the New, but as opposed to the whole spirit of the Gospel and to the teaching of Jesus Christ.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of kindness, justice and brotherly love.

But slavery is not kindly affectionate; it does not seek another's, and not its own; it does not let the oppressed go free. It is, as I have said, but a continual act of oppression. But then, such is the influence of a habit of thinking among men, and such is the influence of what has been long established, that even minds religious and tenderly conscientious, such as would be shocked by any single act oppression, in any single exercise of violence and unjust power, are not always moved by the reflection that slavery is a continual and permanent violation of human rights.

But now, my dear sir, what can be done by me, who act only a part in political life, and who have no power over the subject of slavery, as it exists in the States of the Union? I do what I can to restrain it; to prevent its spread and diffusion. But I cannot disregard the oracles which instruct me not to do evil that good may come. I cannot cooperate in breaking up social and political systems, on the warmth, rather than the strength, of a hope that, in such convulsions, the cause of emancipation may be promoted.

And even if the end would justify the means, I confess I do not see the relevancy of such means to such an end. I confess, my dear sir, that in my judgment confusion, conflict, embittered controversy, violence, bloodshed, and civil war would only rivet the chains of slavery the more strongly.

In my opinion, it is the mildest influences of Christianity, the softening and melting power of the Sun of righteousness, and not the storms and tempests of heated controversy, that are, in the course of those events which an all-wise Providence overrules, to dissolve the iron fetters by which man is made the slave of man.

The effect of moral causes, though sure, is slow. In two thousand years, the doctrines and miracles of Jesus Christ have converted but a very small part of the human race; and among Christian nations, even, many gross and obvious errors, like those of the lawfulness of slavery, have still held their ground.

But what are two thousand years in the great work of the progress of the regeneration and redemption of mankind? If we see that the course is onward and forward, as it certainly is, in regard to the final abolition of human slavery; while we give to it our fervent prayers, and aid it by all the justifiable influences which we can exercise, it seems to me we must leave both the progress and the result in His hands who sees the end from the beginning, and in whose sight a thousand years are but as a single day. I pray you, my dear sir, accept this, the product of half an hour of the evening, and unread by the writer, as a respectful and grateful acknowledgment of your very kind and friendly letter. DAN'L WEBSTER.

TUESDAY, 2 o'clock. Sept. 10, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: You have heard how all things have gone, so far. I confess I feel relieved. Since the 7th of March there has not been an hour in which I have not felt a "crushing weight of anxiety and responsibility. I have gone to sleep at night, and waked in the morning with the same feeling of eating care." And I have set down to no breakfast or dinner to which I have brought an unconcerned and easy mind. It is over. My part is acted, and I am satisfied. The rest I leave to stronger bodies and fresher minds. My annual cold is now heavy upon me, weakening my body and depressing my spirits. It has yet a fortnight to run; and perhaps will sink me lower than it did, when strong excitement enabled me to withstand it. I have lost a good deal of flesh, and you will think me thin and haggard. I have had little sleep, not four hours a night, on an average for the whole six months. Now, I mean to grow stupid and lazy, and, if I can get rid of my catarrh, to eat and drink like an alderman.

It is a day of rejoicing here, such as I never witnessed. The face of everything seems changed. You would suppose nobody had ever thought of disunion. All say they always meant to stand by the Union to the last.

Boston, ever true and glorious Boston, has helped us immensely. Mr. Eliot's triumphant election awakened entirely new hopes. Up to that period, they had no hopes of the North. I never knew an election, by its mere character of an election, on certain principles, produce half so much effect. He is quite a lion here. He is decided, straightforward, without any shadow of turning. It ran through the whole city, on Friday, after the main vote had been taken, that Mr. Eliot said: "Now we have trodden Satan under our feet." I mention this only to show with how much eagerness everything is listened to that a sound Northern man says against Abolitionism and all the other "isms."

Pray remember me to Mr. T. B. Curtis, Mr. Mills, Mr. Haven, and other friends. There is a host of them I shall never cease to love. Boston forever.

My eyes allow me to write only about one hour a day.

I hope to see the State House and the Common, and the Steeple on the old South, two days after Congress adjourns. Among others, remember me kindly to Fearing. Yours truly, D. WEBSTER.

TO MR. FRANKLIN HAVEN.

Private.] WASHINGTON, Sept. 12, 1850.

MY DEAR SIR: I use the confidential hand of another to write you a short letter, my eyes holding out to perform a small part of the duty expected from them every day. I am in the midst of my periodical catarrh or "hay-fever," or whatever you please to call it, but which you know all about. I read nothing, and hardly write anything but signatures. The disease is depressing and discouraging. I know that there is no remedy for it, and that it must have its course. It produces loss of appetite and great prostration of strength; but since the event of last week terminated, I have some time for rest, and shutting myself up very much, I keep as quiet as I can.

My dear sir, I think the country has had a providential escape from very considerable dangers. I was not aware of the whole extent of the embarrassment likely to arise till I came here last December, and had opportunities of conversation with Gen. Taylor and the gentlemen of his Administration. Gen. Taylor was an honest and truly patriotic man; but he had quite enough of that quality which, when a man is right, we call firmness, and when he is wrong, we denominate obstinacy. What has been called the President's plan was simply this, to wit: to admit Carlifornia under her free Constitution, and to let the Territories alone altogether, until they could come in as States. This policy, as it was thought, would avoid all discussion and all voting on the question of the Wilmot Proviso. All that matter, it was supposed, might be thus postponed, and the slavery question staved off. The objection to this plan was the same as that to poor King Lear's idea of shoeing a company of horse in felt and stealing upon his enemies. It was flatly impossible; that's all. But the purpose was settled and decided. Gen. Taylor told me, in the last conversation I had with him, that he preferred that California should not come in at all, rather than that she should come in bringing the Territories on her back. And if he had lived, it might have been doubtful whether any general settlement would have been made. He was a soldier, and had a little fancy, I am afraid, to see how easily any military movement by Texas could have been put down. His motto was "*vi et armis!*" He had a soldier's foresight and saw quite clearly what would be the result if Texan militia should march into New Mexico, and there be met by troops of the regular army of the United States. But that he had a statesman's foresight, and foresaw what consequences might happen in the existing state of men's opinions and feelings, if blood should be shed in a contest between the United States and one of the Southern States, is more than I am ready to affirm. Yet long before his death, and in the face of that observation which he made to me, as already stated, I made up my mind to risk myself on a proposition for a general pacification. I resolved to push my skiff from the shore alone, considering that, in that case, if she foundered, there would be but one life lost. Our friend Harvey happened to be here, and with him and Mr. Edward Curtis I held a little council the evening before the speech. What followed is known. Most persons here thought it impossible that I should maintain myself, and stand by what I declared. They wished, and hoped, and prayed, but fear prevailed. When I went to Boston soon afterward, and was kindly received, and intimated that I should take no march backward, they felt a little encouraged. But truly it was not until Mr. Eliot's election that there was any confident assurance here that I was not a dead man. It would be of little consequence, my dear sir, if I could only say that Boston saved me; but I can say with all sincerity, and with the fullest conviction of its truth, that Boston saved the country. From the commencement of the government, no such consequences have attended any single election as those that flowed from Mr. Eliot's election. That election was a clear and convincing proof that there was breaking out a new fountain of brilliant light in the East, and men imbibed hopes in which they had never before indulged. At this moment it is true that Mr. Eliot is the greatest lion that exhibits himself on Pennsylvania avenue. He is considered the personation of Boston—ever intelligent, ever patriotic, ever glorious Boston—and whatever prejudices may have existed in the minds of honourable Southern men against our good city, they are now all sunk and lost forever in their admiration of her nationality of spirit.

But I must stop here. There is much else that I could say, and may say hereafter, of the importance of the crisis through which we have passed. I am not yet free from the excitement it has produced. I am like one who has been sea-sick and has gone to bed. My bed rolls and tosses by the billows of that sea over which I have passed.

My dear sir, this is for your own eyes. You are much younger than I am, and hereafter possibly you may recur to this hastily dictated letter not without interest. If you think it worth reading, you may show it to T. B. Curtis, Mills, Fearing and Harvey, &c. It is but half an hour's gossip, when I can do nothing but talk and dictate to a confidential clerk.

Yours, always truly, DAN'L WEBSTER.

THE LECTURER FROM SOUTH CAROLINA.

WE find in print the following letter, which seems to have been designed as a sort of circular, though first published as addressed to the Young Men's Association of Troy:

NEW YORK, Nov. 21, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: I greatly regret that I am compelled to forego my engagements as a lecturer in the North, in consequence of the singular odium which attends my progress as a South Carolinian, and the gross abuse which has already assailed myself, personally, and my performances. These proofs have satisfied me that I should by no means help your institution by appearing before it. Self-respect and conscientiousness alike require that I should abandon my engagements, no matter at what sacrifice to myself. I write, accordingly, as soon as my resolve is made, in order that you could have time to secure a becoming substitute.

With great respect, I am, sir, very truly yours,
W. GILMORE SIMMS.

It seems that on the receipt of the above letter the Troy Association asked a reconsideration of his resolution—to which he thus rejoins:

NEW YORK, Monday, Nov. 24, 1856.

F. A. SHELDON, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I greatly regret that I cannot recall my decision in respect to the lectures. The moment I discovered that my subjects gave provocation only for the *renewal of gross assaults upon my State,* I felt it incumbent on me to withdraw. Described, too, as I have been, as a Southern pauper, seeking cold charity in Northern lecture-rooms, I felt that, even were I to lecture again, I should refuse all compensation. I have appropriated that which has already been paid me here to public charity. Now, you could not desire to hear me on these terms. Believe me, dear sir, to regret the necessity before me, as much as anybody else. I am probably the only loser—certainly of six months of my precious time.

Very gratefully and respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
W. GILMORE SIMMS.

From The Times.

We have no difficulty in understanding the feeling which prompts Mr. Simms to the course he has taken. It is always unpleasant for a sensitive mind, sincere in its own convictions, and disinterestedly zealous in the desire to impress them upon others, to meet cold indifference, and sharp, and not always charitable, criticism. But we think Mr. Simms was unreasonable in what were evidently his expectations on this subject. He was abandoning the quiet and peaceful literary field, where he had laboured so long and so successfully, and throwing himself boldly and somewhat rashly into the sharpest political contest of the day. No event of the last ten years has roused so deep a feeling throughout the country as the assault of Col. Brooks upon Senator Sumner. It involved a sharp, bitter, angry controversy upon political topics and claims between South Carolina and Massachusetts. Mr. Simms rushed into the thickest of the fight. He came North avowedly and expressly to urge the rights and claims of the South on Northern ground. It was a bold and manly movement: but it would have been a wiser one if it had followed a calm and candid estimate of the cost. Mr. Simms ought to have foreseen that he was not likely to meet enthusiasm, eager crowds and great applause. And his failure to find such a reception ought not to have elicited complaint—which in his case looks a little unmanly.

Mr. Simms now gives as an additional reason for abandoning his lectures, that they gave provocation for the "renewal of gross assaults upon his State." In other words, he finds his claims *on behalf* of his State controverted. That's the whole of it. Did'n't he expect this? Was not the question which he came to argue an open one? If not, why should he discuss it? And if it was, why should he complain of those who take the other side? If he has been rudely treated in the debate, he has a right to protest—but we do not think this has been the case.

As to the notion that he is bound to resent, as a personal insult, assaults upon South Carolina, it seems to us absurd. It certainly is not pleasant for any man to hear the merits of his own State disparaged. But to convert such attacks into grounds of personal quarrel is Quixotic. How long is it since men in the South gave up the habit of sneering at Massachusetts or Connecticut? There is scarcely an epithet of reproach in the political vocabulary that has not been heaped, from time immemorial, upon both these States. Yet who in either, or elsewhere, ever dreamed of making such attacks personal matters and showing personal resentment accordingly?

We are sorry Mr. Simms has found anything unpleasant in his visit North. But we still more regret that he should have been so easily discouraged, and induced, upon grounds which seem to us so insufficient, to abandon the engagements on which he had entered. His cause looks a little as if he were seeking grounds of complaint, and as if his desire for martyrdom were greater than his desire to enlighten the people of the Northern States upon the character and history of his own.

From The Tribune.

Mr. Simms has nobody but himself to blame for the ill success of his lecturing experiment. He had a very friendly and favourable introduction from the press, which, indeed, strained a point or two to give him a good start. But he showed himself at his very first appearance not so much a lecturer as a hectorer. He must needs commence by playing second fiddle to Bully Brooks in a gross personal attack upon a distinguished Northern man, amounting to an apology for, if not a justification of, an outrage which has drawn down the indignant condemnation of the whole civilized world. He seemed to take it for granted that nobody but himself knew anything of the history of of South Carolina; at the same time denouncing as "asses" or "reptiles" all who failed to come up to his standard of appreciation. Yet with all these pretensions he delivered a dull discourse, full of sound and fury, but signifying little or nothing. The audience listened to all this without hissing or any other of those symptoms of violent disapproval which would probably have attended any similar manifestation of free speech in South Carolina, and the newspapers let him off as softly as they decently could. The only "gross abuse" which attended his progress as a South Carolinian was that the few persons who went to hear his first lecture quietly stayed away from the second, not from any personal dislike to Simms, but to avoid being bored; and nobody came to supply their places. So Mr. Simms withdraws in disgust, and attempts to threw the blame on the "singular odium" which he says attaches to him. If we felt ourselves authorized to indulge in the same frank and forcible style of language in which he delights, we should say that Mr. Simms was a "singular ass"; but we forbear

those who have hearts to feel and money to give, this appeal is made.

The subscriber will thankfully receive, and faithfully apply, whatever may be given for this object, by paying it over to some trusty person—probably the agent above mentioned—who will proceed to Macon, procure Henry, and return with him, a *free citizen*. The counsel suggest in their last letter the importance of losing no time, for fear that the present owner of Henry, who is said to be desirous to dispose of him, should do so, and he be taken where we shall never hear from him again.

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." ASHLEY SAMPSON.

Rochester, Nov. 24, 1856.

THE SLAVE TRADE—A REMEDY PROPOSED.

From The N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Nov. 26.

WE learn upon inquiry of the United States Deputy Marshals that the fitting out of slavers from this port continues. In fact, this business was never prosecuted with greater energy than at present. The occasional interposition of the legal authoritics exercises no apparent influence for its suppression. It is seldom that one or more vessels cannot be designated at the wharves, respecting which there is evidence that she either is or has been concerned in the traffic; and within the last nine months three alleged slave cases of the character referred to have been before our Courts, resulting, in one instance, in confiscation. That such is the fact, is not surprising, when it is considered that a vessel must be procured in the United States, in order to secure *the protection of the United States flag*, which prohibits the right of search, and that New York, as affording the best facilities for fitting out slave ships, with the least liability of detection, necessarily becomes the centre of operations. Add to this the strong appeal which this traffic presents to man's cupidity, and the case with which the law is evaded.

That a large illegitimate trade with the coast of Africa is carried on from this port is very evident; for the number of vessels annually fitted out here is altogether disproportioned to the amount of imports and exports, and quite sufficient to do the whole business of the country in that direction.

The manner of conducting this trade has undergone some change within a few months, which it is well to observe. Parties in Cuba, desirous of fitting out a slaver, have no difficulty in procuring agents in this city, through certain commercial houses, to negotiate for the charter of such a craft as may be deemed suitable for an African voyage. They come here with the requisite amount of funds, and readily effect a charter, with a proviso that the vessel may be purchased, if desired, when she arrives at her destination. Through the potent influence of said funds, it becomes the interest of all concerned, even to the sailmaker, caulker, shipwright and joiner, to say no more about the matter than is necessary; and, as regards the cargo, Judge Betts has ruled that its character, as ordinarily made up, can afford no evidence justifying the vessel's detention. The vessel, therefore, departs, with the United States flag at her peak, and a proper person on board, provided with blank papers, the powers of an attorney, &c., so that if an arrangement can be effected for procuring a cargo of negroes, the vessel is sold at a large profit, and her late owners in New York are no longer responsible for her proceedings. Her flag will protect her from interference by foreign cruisers, and our own are not so numerous but they can commonly be avoided. The vessel is then run to Cuba, the cargo discharged and the vessel burned. Humanity has been outraged, but a princely fortune has been acquired.

The question is renewed with still more earnestness—"Can the fitting out of slavers here be prevented?" There are officers in the employ of the Government, noted for their sagacity and long experience in connection with this subject, who answer that it can, by so amending the law relating to the shipment of crews that vessels engaged in the African trade *shall take none but Americans*. Though such a law might seem unjustly oppressive upon that branch of commerce, the exigency of the case may afford a sufficient justification; and in fitting out, in the manner proposed, the twenty-five or thirty small vessels legitimately employed in this trade, no insuperable difficulty can be presented. It is argued that African slave traders invariably take foreign crews, mostly Portuguese—men who are not likely to be troubled with conscientious scruples, and whose manner of life renders them difficult to find, whether wanted as criminals or witnesses. Nor are they as likely as others to disclose their participation in any of these transactions. Americans, and those of other nationalities, could not easily be induced to engage in slave-trading, except under false representations, and their deceivers would be liable to suffer for their temerity, before a tribunal of justice. Crews for slavers are not procured in the ordinary way, but picked up as opportunity may offer. There is a man in the Fourth Ward who is reported to be an extensive shipper of crews for the African coast; and another, a shoemaker by trade, who does much of the same kind of business. It is represented that no difficulty could arise in determining either the nationality of a man or the destination of a vessel; that the plan now proposed is eminently practicable, and that its adoption would necessarily be followed by a suppression of the evils so rapidly increasing and so loudly demanding a remedy.

THEO. PARKER'S THANKSGIVING DISCOURSE.

From The Boston Traveller.

LAST Thursday was Thanksgiving Day in Boston. Among the sermons delivered on that occasion was one by Rev. THEODORE PARKER, on the "Prospect for Democratic Institutions in America." The *Traveller* sketches the discourse. Mr. Parker spoke for two hours.

The speaker's text was the 20th verse of the 8th chapter of Jeremiah:

"The harvest is past, the Summer is ended, and we are not saved."

Mr. Parker commenced by an allusion to our unexampled prosperity as a nation, but remarked that now was the most critical period of our national life. Poland, France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Sicily, Asia Minor, had fallen from liberalism to despotisms, and even our Saxon origin and natures did not assure us of safety. Though we had attained a great age as a republic, yet we were of a short-lived family. Holland, at one time as prosperous as ourselves, lived but thirty years, and ended her republican life in blood. There was the same danger that our free institutions would perish.

Our nation presented the spectacle of two diverse communities. The North, for the most part, acted in accordance with the Declaration of Independence, and was the best example of a Progressive Democracy. Its system of education and benevolence was extensive and admirable. It held that the strong should help the weak.

The South started with just the opposite principle, and her institutions were of a contrary character. Its State Governments were despotisms. It excludes workingmen from the high privilege of citizens; forbids education and the right of property; constitutes man a fraction; forbids him to vote, and disallows him to be a party to a contract. And the South was proud of all this. It pointed to its 4,000,000 of slaves and said, "Behold our property!" It pointed to the North and said, "Behold! free society is a failure." They look at home and say, "These are our jewels." Slavery was their Cornelia—the mother of such Gracchi as Mason, and Butler, and Brooks. It was a part of their religion. The worst part of the creed of the Hebrews, in the darkest day, had been seized upon by the Southern oligarchy and adopted as its own. As the Mormons quoted Scripture to support polygamy, and the Pope to uphold the Inquisition, so were the words of Jesus made to do service in argument for slavery. In a word, the South was progressively despotic.

The North and the South were yoked together by the Federal Government, but not united; and union they never would have till they walked together. If they persistently refused to do this, they must of course separate.

Since 1820, said Mr. Parker, the South has been the master, and has made all the Presidents, and held the executive power of the nation. Within that time there has been but one President—Zachary Taylor—who had not been a faithful tool to the Slave Power. He was a slaveholder and his nomination was not 3t to be made or confirmed, but he disappointed the hopes of all, and his brief administration was the only green spot in the sad history of political aggression. The Suprem
its subordinates have been controlled by the Slave Power. For more than thirty years the Senate and House of Representatives had been under the same power.

The South corrupted the literature of the country. Until within a few years, Boston booksellers trembled at the meanest slaveholder. Still, in all this time, the North had been strong in men and money.

Mr. Parker said he had preached to his present congregation eleven years, and asked them to glance at the history of slavery aggression during that time, commencing with the annexation of Texas in 1845, and ending with the latter enormities fresh in the minds of all.

The Northern Church next received the attention of the speaker, who declared that it had always loved slavery better than Democracy or Christianity.

Allusion was made to the candidates in the late Presidential election. The party of slavery in the North had two heads—Buchanan, the hard and naked head of slavery; and Fillmore, a softer head, veiled and masked, but meaning the same. In the South it had but one head—the hard and naked head of despotism. The head of freedom in the North was Fremont—a young, inexperienced man, the choice of nobody. As Taylor was selected for availability to the neglect of Clay and Webster, so was Fremont selected over Seward and Chase, the Clay and Webster of the Republican party. Mr. Fremont, reasoned his party, was a young man, and could be defeated without disastrous consequences, not so if Seward or Chase led the ranks. Under these circumstances, defeat would have been ruin.

In the North the Freedom party had but one head, but in the South there was a head of Freedom in disguise. The small terrified Freedom party of the South voted for Fillmore, because they dare not vote for Fremont, and would not vote for Buchanan.

The speaker next discussed the causes which operated to defeat the Freedom party, and attributed it partly to the dishonesty of some Republicans, and to the bad men who temporarily joined their ranks. Some of them, for the sake of success, had abandoned those principles which alone made success of any value; and had the party triumphed, it would not have come into power with clean hands. But, said the speaker, slavery has triumphed. Despotism has made a clean gain of twenty in the House of Representatives. The newly elected President is likely to be more zealous in the cause of the South than even his predecessor; for while the latter came into office pledged against the agitation of the vexed question, in a political life of more than forty years Mr. Buchanan has not spoken a word against this despotism. And, worst of all, he had merged his very identity in the infamous Cincinnati Platform. There he lay, a dead plank in the structure, only distinguished from the other planks by a label which read "Ostend Manifesto"—*we will purchase Cuba if we can, or will conquer it with the sword.*

Buchanan, said the speaker, has not shown himself to be a man of tough will; and if he was a very Jackson, he could not now control the downward, desperate progress of the South. He could not if he would, and would not if he could. We have nothing to hope of his policy, and nothing to expect but slavery in Kansas and the other Territories; an influx of new slave States; annexation of Mexico, to be divided into slave States; the seizure of Cuba for a slave State; the division of Texas for more slave States; the revival of the African slave trade, and finally the restoration of slavery in the Northern States.

How should we resist and thwart these purposes? There was a small majority in the new House of Representatives friendly to freedom. Could this fact insure us any degree of safety? Would it not be the policy of Buchanan to destroy that annoying preponderance by giving them offices which would allure them from the duties which they owed to their constituents and the country? Certainly it did look as if slavery would go on and carry out all its measures.

Mr. Parker then invoked the imagination of his auditors to the spectacle of a city Government in Boston, all the members of which accorded with the sentiment expressed by a member of the present Government, who said he was sorry Brooks had not killed Sumner outright; to courthouses always girt with chains; to freedom of the press destroyed, as in the State of Virginia; free discussions broken up, &c., &c. Allusion was then made to Holland and France. What France did in electing Louis Napoleon, America did in electing Buchanan. Who once dared to expect the passage of the Fugitive Slave bill, of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise? The worst men would once have scoffed and hissed at the very proposition, and said it was impossible. No one in France, but the despot and his allies, looked for the *coup d'état*. America was imperilled in her earlier history, but was never before in such danger as she is to-day.

Still the speaker did not despair. He had great faith in the capability and reserved strength of the Anglo-Saxon people, who, in the great contests between the right and wrong in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, had always finally triumphed, and that against important odds.

Now came the questions: Shall the few rule the many, and the rich own the poor? Shall we have a despotism, or a democracy?

Mr. Parker said he used to think we could end slavery peaceably. He hoped they would pardon his weakness, scholar as he was, a student of history, philosopher as he would be, he thought so no more. Kansas, he said, must be preserved to Freedom at all cost. To that end we must not only work as individuals, but as States. Vermont had done her part, let Massachusetts give a million of dollars, but let her not put it into her Governor's hand. It could not be trusted there. Let there be no further compromise with slavery, and let us agitate, agitate, agitate. Let Mr. Benton come and tell us to keep our mouths shut, let him set the example. One great fool makes many fools. We have learned how to fight, let us practise what we have learned. Let us be ready to make as great sacrifices for Freedom as did our fathers, and let us stand by our State rights when the nation seeks to destroy them. By these means we will wring the thunder from the sky, and leave it clear above us, earning the benedictions of the millions whose visionary feet are pattering behind us.

For two full hours Mr. Parker held the earnest attention of his large audience, and, at the close of his remarks, subdued demonstrations of approbation came from all parts of the hall.

THE ARREST OF SUSPECTED SLAVETRADERS IN BOSTON.

From The Boston Journal, Nov. 28.

ABOUT the latter end of last week a burglary was committed in the city of Salem, which put the criminal officers on the *qui vive*, and especially for any strange and suspicious characters that might be seen about. On Saturday morning information was received by the Salem authorities that a singular character—a foreigner—had been skulking around the boat-house, an unoccupied building in South Salem, and thither they proceeded, with the hope of securing the perpetrator of the burglary. The man was taken into custody, and said his name was George N. Negret, and that he had been captain of the schooner Tete, which had recently left Wilmington, N. C., but that he had been wrecked near Cape Cod, and had reached the shore at Salem, after much hardship, in one of the schooner's boats. As no boat could be seen, and as none had been seen on the coast at that spot which could not be accounted for, the statement of Negret, in the latter particular, was doubted.

While on the way to Salem jail with the suspected individual, who said he was a Spaniard, the officers encountered a Mr. De Mena, a Spanish merchant in this city (as we are informed), and his brother-in-law, who became interested in the prisoner; and finally, when Negret was delivered over to the United States officer, De Mena paid down $5,000 bail for his future appearance, and he was released. While in Salem, however, Negret stated that when his schooner went down, he had taken care to remove $10,000 from on board, which was designed for trading purposes, and that it had been buried in the sand at Salem beach by himself, the mate and a sailor who had come ashore with him in the boat, and he even gave the description of the spot in which the treasure was to be found.

An investigation showed that the story was a falsehood, although Negret insisted that it was not, and that the money must have been removed by his companions. information was sent to Boston, and another search for the money proved fruitless on the part of the officers. Subsequently Negret was handed over to the United States Marshal, and brought to this city, where he was bailed by De Mena, as described. This was on Tuesday last.

On Wednesday morning De Mena came into the United States Court with Negret, and delivered him up, receiving his $5,000 bail, and then came the exposure of the affair, which before had been involved in greater mystery. In the presence of De Mena, *he denounced him as an accomplice in the slave trade, and as joint participator in a scheme of robbery*, which, it is to be presumed, included the sacrifice of the pecuniary interests of certain parties now unknown.

Negret declared that the Tete had been fitted out at Wilmington, North Carolina, as a slaver, and that she had proceeded on her voyage, having $10,000 on board; but that arrangements had been made, in which De Mena was implicated, by the man Negret (with what truth we have no knowledge), as a co-conspirator, to sink the ship, after having robbed her of the money intended for the purchase of slaves. On this accusation De Mena was apprehended, and put under bonds of $10,000. The charges against him are—that he was engaged in the slave trade, and that he was an accomplice in the act of plundering a vessel on the high seas. The examination of the parties to this strange history will take place on Monday morning next, at 10 o'clock.

Negret says that he had the schooner scuttled when 150 miles off Cape Cod, and took to the boat and made for the shore as soon as she sunk. He adheres to the story concerning the buried treasure, and insists that De Mena and his brother-in-law, who knew where it was hidden, have removed it. As we hinted, there may be doubts concerning the truth of the story from first to last. Meantime, Mr. De Mena has been bailed; and more than usual interest is felt in the question, whether there is a treasure buried at Pickering's Cove, South Salem, or no? If there is, anxious individuals, who are intent on its discovery, may have a chance to get rich all at once. If not, they will find themselves very much disappointed because of their labour in vain. The above are statements made to us by parties who are reliable.

Various rumours have been in circulation in regard to the affair, among them one that Negret was none other than the notorious De Costa, who was arrested in New York a few days since, on the charge of fitting out the brig Braman for the slave trade, and escaped from the officer while on his way from the Court-House to the jail, but instruction has been had from New York that the description of Negret forwarded from this city does not tally in any respect with that of De Costa.

NEGRO SUFRAGE IN LOUISIANA.

From The Alexandria (Rapids, La.) American, Nov. 8.

WE have hitherto refrained from noticing the infamous fact that a precinct in this parish is controlled entirely by a colony of free negroes. We have done so, because we were unwilling to expose so foul a speck upon the fair fame of our parish, if other means could be found of removing it; but we are compelled now to announce to the people of Louisiana that a precinct in this parish—familiarly known as the "Ten Mile Precinct"—gives a large vote, nine-tenths of which are cast by *mulattoes and free negroes*.

At the election on Tuesday last that precinct gave one vote for the American ticket and seventy-eight for the Democratic ticket. To this, however, we have not the shadow of an objection. We have no desire that a negro man's vote should be given to American candidates, and we know that the man who cast the single ballot there for Fillmore was white. But we do protest against decent, respectable men countenancing and winking at the atrocity of negro suffrage, and we also protest against men (whose claims to respectability and decency, if once doubtful, can now no longer be admitted) going among these negroes in the "hail fellow, well met" style, rallying them around a ballot-box of their own, placing the ballots in their hands, and urging them on to outrage the Constitution, break the law and trample upon the rights of legal voters.

When the fact becomes generally known that free negro suffrage is permitted in a portion of this parish to an extent that often decides the result—as in the case of the last election for Sheriff—and we shall take good care to have it published in other Louisiana papers than the *American*, it will startle many an honest voter in the Democratic as well as the American ranks, for no honest man can, understandingly, give it his sanction, and no sensible man can fail to see its corrupting and dangerous tendencies.

We are not prepared to go into the particulars of the matter now, but if circumstances permit, we shall make a thorough expose of it, and show up, in connection therewith, the conduct of sundry persons in precisely the colours it deserves.

At the same time, we notify those persons that we are persons responsible for what we say or may say—that we stand ready to give them a white man's chance, although they do not deserve it—and that if they reply to us in terms of blackguardism we shall answer them with similar weapons.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1856.

DONATIONS.

WE are obliged, about once in a year, to ask for aid to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and it usually happens at this season. We hope, therefore, that the friends of the Society are looking out for such an appeal, and will be ready, now that it comes, to respond to it heartily and promptly. The Anti-Slavery cause should surely find its supporters as earnest and zealous to contribute "material aid" for its advancement as politicians are for the success of their tickets. These are pouring out their money like water; in that respect, at least, we shall be glad to see the Abolitionists in unity with the Republicans, and even with the Buchaneers.

The Treasury is exhausted; there are pledges made to the Society six months ago still unpaid; donations are needed, and will be welcome, in large sums or in small; and we appeal to everybody for help.

Address FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston, or S. H. GAY, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR will be opened on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th inst, in the large Saloon of the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, and will continue open during the following three days.

A large and handsome assortment of articles, of foreign and domestic manufacture, will be offered for sale at market prices.

Among them will be found Worsted Work, in great variety, Children's Clothing, Ladies' Hoods, Scarfs, Aprons, Nubias, Shawls, etc.

Cabas and Workboxes, some of which are beautifully ornamented with carvings in oak, Vases, Candlesticks and Baskets.

One *Jardiniere*, or Parlour Garden, a beautiful French article, of exquisite workmanship.

Books, Stationary, Engravings, Autographs, Portfolios and Medallions, will be found on the Book Table; and the Toy Table will be abundantly furnished with attractions for our little friends.

The profits of the Fair are devoted to the circulation of anti-slavery Books, Tracts and Newspapers, and to the support of anti-slavery Lectures, chiefly in Pennsylvania.

The Managers of the Fair, while inviting the citizens generally to become their customers, especially urge upon all the friends of true Freedom the importance of making their holyday and other purchases of the season from our Tables, to the extent of our ability to supply their wants. Great effort has been made to suit the various tastes and wants of customers, and to make the Fair attractive to the public. To increase its attractions, arrangements have been made for the delivery of addresses, by distinguished speakers, on one or more evenings.

The Managers of the Fair respectfully request that those persons who are willing to contribute to it, and have not already done so, will be so kind as to send their donations to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North-Fifth street, Philadelphia, as soon as possible. Any marketable commodities will be gladly received. Products of the farm, garden, dairy and poultry yard, will be very acceptable; also manufactured articles or materials for manufacture.

Contributions of Groceries, Fruit, Confectionery, Cake, Oysters and Ice Cream, are especially requested.

A large supply of Evergreen will be needed, and the Managers rely, confidently, on their friends in the country to supply them, as they have done in former years, with this beautiful ornament of the Fair.

Contributions may be sent (with the donors' names attached) to the Anti-Slavery Office, at any time previous to the opening of the Fair. On the 16th instant they may be sent to the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia. M. G.

An Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in connection with the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Fair, commencing on Wednesday morning, the 17th instant, at eleven o'clock and continuing through the next day. Arrangements have been made to secure the presence of able speakers. It is hoped that all persons who can conveniently do so will attend. JAMES MOTT, President.

REUBEN TOMLINSON, Secretary.

A telegraphic despatch, received from J. M. McKim after the above notice was in type, informs us that WM. LLOYD GARRISON has engaged to attend the Convention on Wednesday and Thursday, the 17th and 18th, and that the Rev. W. H. FURNESS will deliver an address at one of the sessions. This announcement can hardly fail to secure a large attendance from the country.

CONGRESS.

THE XXXIVth Congress assembled on Monday at 12 o'clock. Both Houses were pretty full. In the Senate nothing was done save to unite with the House in appointing the usual committee to wait on the President and inform him that the two bodies were ready to receive his Message.

In the House there was an exciting struggle between the slaveholding Democracy and the Republicans upon the question of admitting Whitfield to take his seat as Delegate from Kansas. His credentials having been presented by Mr. Phelps of Missouri, Mr. Grow of Pa., Chairman of the Committee on Territories, promptly objected to their reception. Mr. Grow addressed the House in an able speech, showing clearly that this case had once been settled by the present Congress—that a thorough investigation had been made, and it was found that there had been no legal election in the Territory, because there was no valid law existing there upon which to base one—that the alleged Legislature of Kansas was illegally elected, and that all the laws flowing from it were invalid, and, therefore, the House declared that Mr. Whitfield was not entitled to a seat—that since that time no new Legislature had been elected in Kansas, and the recent election, at which Mr. Whitfield now claims to have been chosen, was based upon the same invalid laws as before, and, therefore, he was not entitled to his seat, as, in consequence of the invalidity of said laws, the majority of the legal voters of the Territory did not go to the polls.

Mr. Phelps of Missouri replied that he did not propose to discuss the validity of the laws of Kansas. That was not the question. Mr. Whitfield was present with his credentials, signed by the Governor of Kansas, as legally elected a delegate from that Territory, and the only question to settle was, whether the House would allow Kansas to be represented on the floor of the House or not. There was no contestant; if so, where is he?

The question recurring on the right of Mr. Whitfield to a seat, and the Yeas and Nays being ordered, the vote stood 97 Yeas to 104 Nays, and he was rejected.

Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania moved to reconsider the vote, which was closely followed, by Mr. Phelps of Missouri, with a motion to adjourn, and upon that the Yeas and Nays were ordered, and the House refused to adjourn by a vote of 92 to 106.

The sham Democracy, determined that the motion for reconsideration should be kept open till another day, commenced a course of Parliamentary fillibustering—making various motions and consuming time by calling the Yeas and Nays—which kept the House in session till 7 1-2 o'clock. Once a call of the House was ordered, when several absentees were brought in by the Sergeant-at-Arms and compelled to pay nearly $3 each, the cost of being arrested.

In the Senate, on Tuesday, upon the motion to print an extra number of the President's Message and accompanying Reports, an exciting debate took place, which is thus sketched in the telegraphic despatches to the daily papers:

Mr. HALE attacked the position of the President, denying altogether the charges which imputed to the majority of the people of eleven States want of fidelity to constitutional obligations and a love of the Union. He said it was untrue that they sought to usurp the power of this Government.

Mr. BROWN thanked the President for his fidelity in sounding the voice of warning against sectional strife, and took occasion to charge the supporters of Fremont with the intention of aboli-hing slavery everywhere; and in this connection alluded to the views of Messrs. Seward and Wilson. He then spoke in reprobation of Mr. Spooner's book, a copy of which had been sent him, with a request that he would review his (Spooner's) opinions on the subject of slavery.

Mr. HALE repeated, he had never met an individual who advocated the doctrine that Congress had the power to abolish slavery in the Southern States. There were, no doubt, such persons, but their numbers and influence were very small. He had no doubt the language used, relative to the abolition of slavery everywhere, contemplated its abolition by the consent of those States in which it existed, and not through any insurrectionary movement.

Mr. SEWARD did not know to which of his speeches Mr. Brown alluded, but what he had said on the subject of slavery had not been said in a corner. He presumed reference was made to a speech he made in 1848, in Cleveland, Ohio, in favour of the election of Zachary Taylor, a slaveholder, to the office of President. But, whether Mr. Brown referred to that speech or not, he would remark that his speeches had been gathered together and published in three volumes by Mr. Redfield, of New York, and the Senator could find his opinions expressed there fully. So far as he was concerned, he was willing those issues, imperfectly settled now, should be left open until 1860 for the people to determine.

Mr. MASON said constant agitation upon the subject of slavery had brought the people of the South to the conviction that the preservation of that institution rested with themselves and they alone. As one of the representatives of the South, he desired to say he took no further interest in it, or in any opinion which was entertained at the North in relation to it, than as he entertained the firm and decided hope that there was a public sentiment yet remaining at the North which was ready to unite with the South in the desire to perpetuate the Union, and, by the aid of that public sentiment in the North, he believed the Union would be preserved; but further than that, as a statesman, or as one responding for one of the Southern States, where that institution prevailed, the public sentiment at the North was to him a matter of indifference, whether those who desire to continue the slavery agitation endeavour to exercise their powers in interfering with it wherever it existed in the United States, or endeavour to prevent its legislative expansion. Slavery was recognised by the Constitution as an existing social institution, and was not only protected by the duty being imposed on the Government to render fugitives up to their masters, but was the element of political power in representation. That being so, the people where it existed had the same right to its legitimate expansion that they had to its peaceable enjoyment within their own borders. To endeavour to restrict this expansion was to trench upon their rights in violation of the spirit of the Constitution.

Mr. WILSON stated that he had never entertained nor expressed the opinion that Congress had the power to abolish slavery within the States, nor had he ever uttered the sentiment that those with whom he acted ever intended to assume or exercise such power. He had read Mr. Spooner's book, but dissented from its conclusions. There was a small number of people in the free States who coincided with Mr. Spooner in opinion, and they had voted for Gerrit Smith for President. How many votes that gentleman received, he could not tell; but probably not over two thousand in all the free States. The positions assumed by the supporters of Col. Fremont were entirely different.

Mr. BROWN contended it was not the duty of the South to endure patiently the aggressions of the North. Though long-forbearing, and unwilling to do anything to sever the Union of these States, yet there was a point where forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and where their self-respect required them to defend and maintain their rights.

Mr. TRUMBULL remarked that when Senators said that he and his friends wished to interfere with the rights of the States, they imputed to them that to which they had solemnly declared their opposition. It was just such remarks as they had listened to from the Senator from Mississippi, Mr. Brown, that were alienating one section of the Union from the other. Did the Senator wish the North to interfere with the institutions of the South, and to fasten on the Northern people sentiments which they disavowed everywhere and on all occasions? This message contains a most unwarrantable assertion as to this fact, for the President undertook to say that the Missouri Act of 1820 was obsolete and unconstitutional. Where did he get the authority for the assertion? The Supreme Court of the United States declared with regard to the power of the Federal and State Governments combined—

Mr. CASS (interrupting)—I never heard of it.

Mr. TRUMBULL sent for the first volume of *Peters's Reports*, and read from page 546, in the opinion pronounced by Judge Marshall, in the case of the American Insurance Company *vs.* Canta, the sentence, "In legislating for them (the Territories) Congress exercises the combined power of the General and State Governments."

Mr. CASS remarked, it asserts no power.

Mr. TRUMBULL inquired whether there were not sufficient power therein to keep slavery out of the Territories.

Mr. CASS responded, no, unless the power was found in the Constitution.

Mr. TRUMBULL insisted that the power was broad and unqualified. Congress formerly exercised it, and it was a new discovery to say that Congress did not possess it now. In alluding to a remark of Mr. Mason, that if the Republican party had executed what they avowed, it would tend to a dissolution of the Union, immediate and eternal, Mr. Trumbull said the Republicans had avowed no principles excepting those declared by Jefferson, Washington and Monroe. Was it any cause for a dissolution of the Union that any particular man was elected President? The Senator from Virginia did not contend for that. Neither Mr. Fremont nor any other person could be elected, except in a constitutional mode; and if so elected, would it be cause for dissolution of the Union? If so, the Constitution contained within itself the elements of destruction. It was a baseless assumption of the President and of Senators to attribute to the great Republican party hostility to rights of the States, or institution of slavery in any State, though they declared the right of Congress to prohibit slavery in territory of the United States.

Without the question being taken on printing, the Senate then adjourned.

The House spent the whole of Tuesday's session in debating the motion to reconsider the vote by which Whitfield's claim to a seat was rejected. The slaveholders will of course carry their point in the end.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We shall not waste much of our precious space with this document. It will be thrust upon our readers from various sources, and, if they fail to read it, it will not be for lack of opportunity. It fills six columns in the Daily *Times*, and full one-half is devoted to the slavery question as connected with the recent election and with affairs in Kansas. In this part of the Message the President not only misrepresents and defames a vast majority of the people of the North, but insults alike the intelligence and moral sense of the nation. The following extract will suffice to indicate the tone and temper of his partisan diatribe:

It is impossible to misapprehend the great principles which, by their recent political action, the people of the United States have sanctioned and announced.

They have asserted the constitutional equality of each and all of the States of the Union as States; they have affirmed the constitutional equality of each and all of the citizens of the United States as citizens, whatever their religion, whatever their birth, or their residence; they have maintained the inviolability of the constitutional rights in the different sections of the Union; and they have proclaimed their devoted and unalterable attachment to the Union and the Constitution, as objects of interest superior to all subjects of local or sectional controversy, as the safeguard of the rights of all, as the spirit and the essence of liberty, peace and greatness of the Republic.

In doing this, they have, at the same time, emphatically condemned the idea of organizing in these United States mere geographical parties; of marshalling in hostile array towards each other the different parts of the country, North or South, East or West.

Schemes of this nature, fraught with incalculable mischief, and which the considerate sense of the people has rejected, could have had countenance in no part of the country had they not been disguised by suggestions plausible in appearance, acting upon an excited state of the public mind, induced by causes temporary in their character, and it is to be hoped transient in their influence.

Perfect liberty of association for political objects, and the widest scope of discussion, are the received and ordinary conditions of government in our country. Our institutions, framed in the spirit of confidence in the intelligence and integrity of the people, do not forbid citizens, either individually or associated together, to attack by writing, speech, or any other methods short of physical force, the Constitution and the very existence of the Union. Under the shelter of this great liberty, and protected by the laws and usages of the government they assail, associations have been formed, in some of the States, of individuals, who, pretending only to prevent the spread of the institution of slavery into the present or future inchoate States of the Union, are really inflamed with desire to change the domestic institutions of existing States. To accomplish their objects, they dedicated themselves to the odious task of deprecating the Government organization which stands in their way, and of calumniating, with indiscriminate invective, not only the citizens of particular States, with whose laws they find fault, but all others of their fellow-citizens throughout the country who do not participate with them in their assaults upon the Constitution, framed and adopted by our fathers, and claiming for the privileges it has secured, and the blessings it has conferred, the steady support and grateful reverence of their children. They seek an object which they well know to be a revolutionary one. They are perfectly aware that the change in the relative condition of the white and black race in the slaveholding States, which they would promote, is beyond their lawful authority; that to them it is a foreign object; that it cannot be effected by any peaceful instrumentality of theirs; that for them, and the States of which they are citizens, the only path to accomplishment is through burning cities, and ravaged fields, and slaughtered populations, and all there is most terrible in foreign, complicated with civil and servile, war; and that the first step in the attempt is the forcible disruption of a country embracing in its broad bosom a degree of liberty and an amount of individual and public prosperity to which there is no parallel in history, and substituting in its place hostile governments, driven at once and inevitably into mutual devastation and fratricidal carnage, transforming the now peaceful and felicitous brotherhood into a vast permanent camp of armed men like the rival monarchies of Europe and Asia. Well knowing that such, and such only, are the means and the consequences of their plans and purposes, they endeavour to prepare the people of the United States for civil war by doing everything in their power to deprive the Constitution and the laws of moral authority, and to undermine the fabric of the Union by appeals to passion and sectional prejudice, by indoctrinating its people with reciprocal hatred, and by educating them to stand face to face as enemies, rather than shoulder to shoulder as friends.

* * * Extremes beget extremes. Violent attack from the North finds its inevitable consequence in the growth of a spirit of angry defiance at the South. Thus in the progress of events we had reached that consummation, which the voice of the people has now so pointedly rebuked, of the attempt, of a portion of the States, by a sectional organization and movement, to usurp the control of the government of the United States.

I confidently believe that the great body of those who inconsiderately took this fatal step are sincerely attached to the Constitution and the Union. They would, upon deliberation, shrink with unaffected horror from any conscious act of disunion or civil war. But they have entered into a path, which leads nowhere, unless it be to civil war and disunion, and which has no other possible outlet.

The repeal of the Missouri Compromise is justified by arguments (!) with which the public are already sufficiently familiar, and the history of events in Kansas is falsified and distorted in a manner which would do credit to a Tombs pettifogger. The connivance of the Administration in the schemes of Atchison, Stringfellow and company is sought to be covered up under hollow pretences of inability to interfere therewith; while the damning facts relating to the conspiracy are coolly ignored, or treated as trifling irregularities, such as are incident, of course, to the settlement of all new territories! The *Evening Post* well says:

"The gross indecency of Mr. Pierce's annual message is a common topic of remark. It is generally allowed to be just such a document as we might expect from the representative of a party which employs bludgeons instead of arguments, and the Senators of which scold like street drabs on the Senate floor. After what we witnessed at the last session, we should have been very unreasonable if we had looked for anything better than the language of party rancour, in which Mr. Pierce so freely indulges. This is the first example of gross indecorum of which any President has been guilty in any message addressed to the National Legislature; but the reign of decorum is ended. Mr. Pierce has adopted the tone and phraseology of the most virulent and least scrupulous of his partisans, and rails against the party which seeks to prevent the extension of slavery in terms as unmeasured as were used by any drunken brawler of them all at the late election.

"We do not propose to take any notice of Mr. Pierce's argument for the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He argued that in his last annual message, and once or twice in his other messages; but he cannot settle it to his mind; and if he had been reëlected President, we may fairly infer that he would argue it over as many times more. The President has an uneasy conscience in regard to that matter, which it will require a great many words to pacify. Our readers may possibly have seen some unhappy person attempting to find a place on a perfectly level floor, in which a chair with legs of unequal length could stand firmly. If so, they will recollect that the chair was shifted from place to place, always with the same ill-success, and always to the great discontent of the sitter. This is Mr. Pierce's case precisely."

THE WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

THIS Convention closed on Wednesday evening, the 26th ult., after a very harmonious and satisfactory session of two days. The speeches of the last day, by Messrs. Phillips and Higginson, Mrs. Mott, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Stone and others, were no less edifying than those of Tuesday. The proceedings, embracing the more important portion of the various addresses, will soon be published in pamphlet form. The following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the close of a Presidential election affords a peculiarly appropriate occasion to renew the demands of woman for a consistent application of democratic principles.

Resolved, That the Republican party, appealing constantly, through its orators, to female sympathies, and using for its most popular rallying cries a female name, is peculiarly pledged by consistency to do justice to woman hereafter in States where it holds control.

Resolved, That the Democratic party, also, must be utterly false to its name and its professed principles, or else must extend their application to both halves of the human race.

Resolved, That the present uncertain and inconsistent position of woman in our community—not fully recognised either as a slave or as an equal—taxed, but not represented—authorized to earn property, but not free to control it—allowed to obtain education, but not encouraged to use it—permitted to prepare papers for scientific bodies, but not to read them—urged to form political opinions, but not allowed to vote upon them—all mark a transitional period in human history, which cannot long endure.

Resolved, That the main power of the Woman's Rights movement lies in this: that while always demanding for woman better education, better employment, and better laws, it has always kept steadily in view the one cardinal demand, for the *right of suffrage*, as being, in a democracy, the symbol and the guarantee of all other rights.

Resolved, That the monopoly of the elective franchise, and thereby all the powers of legislative government, by man, solely on the ground of sex, is a usurpation, condemned alike by reason and common sense; subversive of all the principles of justice; oppressive and demoralizing in its operations, and insulting to the dignity of human nature.

Resolved, That while the constant progress of laws, education and industry prove that our efforts for woman in those respects are not wasted, we yet proclaim ourselves unsatisfied, and are only encouraged to renewed efforts until the whole be gained.

The Press of New York treated the Convention, on the whole, much more fairly than it has been wont to do in former years. The *Times*, while it maintained a tone of contempt in its editorial columns, did itself and its readers the justice to report the proceedings with unusual fairness and fulness. While many of the public journals indulged in sneers and caricatures, others, more honourable, met in a candid spirit the issues presented by the advocates of this cause. The Providence *Journal*, an old and conservative paper, edited by ex-Governor Anthony, an accomplished gentleman and scholar, thus alluded to the Convention and its objects:

A Woman's Rights Convention is in session in New York. A collection of women arguing for political rights, and for the privileges usually conceded only to the other sex, is one of the easiest things in the world to make fun of. There is no end to the smart speeches and the witty remarks that may be made on the subject. But when we seriously attempt to show that a woman who pays taxes ought not to have a voice in the manner in which the taxes are expended, that a woman whose property and liberty and person are controlled by the laws should have no voice in framing those laws, it is not so easy. If women are fit to rule in monarchies, it is difficult to say why they are not qualified to vote in a republic; nor can there be greater indelicacy in a woman going up to the ballot-box than there is in a woman opening a legislature or issuing orders to an army.

We do not say that women ought to vote; but we say that it is a great deal easier to laugh down the idea than to argue it down. Moreover, there are a great many things besides voting that are confined to men, and that women can do quite as well, or even better. There are many employments which ought to be opened to women, there are many ways in which women can be made to contribute more largely to their own independence and comfort, and to the general good of society. All well-directed plans to this end should receive the support of thinking men. The danger is that Conventions of this kind are apt to overlook the present and

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CC.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent speaketh disrespectfully of the Election and of the Elected—He narrateth the continuation of his Pilgrimage in honour of St. Benedict Arnold—He finisheth Robinson's House and then proceedeth to Smith's Ditto—He first visiteth the Clove—Then proceedeth to the House—Which he describeth and moralizeth over—He wisheth that Walls had Tongues as well as Ears—How he got back and how he liked it—He concludeth in haste, with golden hints of the future, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, Dec. 1, 1856.

Now that the Election is over and I have no funniments to tell you of, that ever attend upon that quadrennial festival of ours, I think I will finish my account of my Pilgrimage to the Shrines of my especial Saint, Holy Benedict, surnamed Arnold. At such a time as this, one feels a double tenderness towards a man who came so near delivering us from all the horrors the country has gone through to fix Slavery on its breast for four years, dressed in the clerical black coat and white cravat of James Buchanan. So we will leave, if you please, the ignorant present—and a very ignorant one it seems to be, or else desperately wicked—and take a glance at the scenes of that happy peradventure which never came to pass.

I believe that I described to you, in my penultimate, Robinson's House, where my hero had his Headquarters, and whence he made his escape on hearing of the arrest of Andre. This house made the resting-place of the second stage of poor Andre to death, and here he spent one day—being sent over to West Point at night. Washington was in the house during the day, but it is believed they never saw each other. He did not choose, probably, to be put in any personal relations with one whose fate he saw clearly written in the bloody code of War. This fact of Andre having passed a day under this roof gave it a new interest in my eyes. I have learned to feel anew how difficult it must be to tell accurately the exact details of almost any historical event. President Sparks, in his Life of Arnold, says that after he had made his disclosure to his wife and had left her in a state of insensibility, he mounted a horse, belonging to one of his aids-de-camp, which happened to be at the door, and galloped to the Landing, where he took boat and made his escape. A venerable gentleman who lives close to the spot, and whose own memory would almost reach back to that time, told me that an old man, the butcher who furnished Arnold with meat and who was at Robinson's House every day during these transactions, and who lived till within a few years, used to say that Arnold came down stairs, took his pistols out of his bolsters and put them in his pocket, and then, going out, called to his bargemen, who were about the premises, to follow him, and proceeded on foot to the Landing, where he took his barge and went his ways to the Vulture. One story is as likely to be the true one as the other, but one would like to have the true scene before one's mind's-eye when contemplating it. I mean to look at this important circumstance more particularly and see if the truth concerning it can be plucked out.

So much for Robinson's House. A scene of lovelier rural retirement can scarcely be imagined—the grass growing up to it on all sides, the fields sprinkled with trees, the mountain overhanging it, clothed in crimson and in purple. It was not the Indian Summer, but it was a day stolen out of it, and, looking at this house through the misty light as I left it, now the elegant and refined abode of youth, innocence, beauty and boyhood, I could not but think of the feverish dreams, the guilty fears, the fierce passions which its roof had overhung in the elder time. It was all as quiet now as an old battle-field—the quietest of all scenes. The other house I wished especially to see was Smith's House, in which the treason was finally compacted and completed. This stands on the other side of the river, say twenty miles below West Point. I stopped at the station opposite Haverstraw and crossed the river by a steam Ferryboat. At Haverstraw I was lucky enough to light upon a guide who knew the country thoroughly and was able to show me all I wanted to see, in the time I had to see it in. I was first driven to the Clove—a hill down which there seemed to pour a cataract of autumnal verdure (*verdure* is not the word, as it wasn't *green*; but I have not time to hunt up the right one), and at the foot of which was the place where Andre landed. In sight was Seller's Point, off which the Vulture lay—which he left forever on that fatal night. There was the very path up which he had climbed to the place Arnold had selected for the rendezvous. A road, then only a bridle-path, now runs through the very scene of that midnight meeting, far from any human ear, shrouded in the "double night of darkness and of shades." That conference in that place had always taken a special hold of my imagination ever since I first read the story as a boy, and I could hardly believe that I stood on the spot that witnessed it.

Andre supposed that the business would be despatched before day-light and that he should be conveyed back to the Vulture the same way he came. But Smith, who had been keeping watch at a distance, disturbed the conspirators before they were done conspiring, and told them that they must despatch, as day was close at hand. It is supposed Arnold had foreseen that the night might be too short for the work, and had therefore brought a servant of Smith's on horseback with him. Andre was prevailed upon to mount this horse and accompany Arnold and Smith to the latter's house, where they might despatch their affairs at their leisure. Smith's House was within the American Lines, a circumstance of which Andre was first told by the challenge of the sentinel. He then fully comprehended the danger in which he stood, and his prophetic heart foreboded the worst. But as there was now no going back, he went on to Smith's House, which was his first stage on his journey to the gallows. And as he had gone on, I went on after him determined to see where he had been. The Clove is perhaps a mile from Haverstraw down the river, and Smith's House is two or three miles above the town, and a mile or so from the river side. This house I was happy to find almost as unchanged as Robinson's on the other side. Indeed, there was no change except a small addition, which did not affect the substantiality of the past that Arnold and Andre knew.

It is built strongly of stone, plastered and whitewashed. So strongly built, indeed, that the owner, who obligingly showed it to me, assured me it never could be worth any one's while to pull it down. It is of two stories and seems much larger within than it looks to be without. You enter by the front door into a large room—not a hall, properly speaking, but rather the drawing-room, I should judge. The house must have been a gentleman's seat of unusual consequence for that day—as Robinson's House must have been, also. But Smith's House was built by himself, not long before the transactions which have made it and him belong to history, and was of rather a later style than Robinson's. The ceilings were higher, and I think no beams ran across them in the old picturesque manner. From this room a door opens on the right-hand side of the fire-place into an entry which conducts you to a back parlour in which Arnold and Andre breakfasted with Smith and where they were afterwards left together to mature their plans.

This is a good-sized, well-proportioned room, of a good height, and in all respects a handsome apartment. It has an elegant and very substantial Italian marble mantel-piece—but whether it was old enough to have listened to the secrets uttered before that hearth, its present owner could not venture to assert. But it was my pleasure to believe that it was, and let any one who can gainsay or deny it. At any rate those walls had listened to them all—secrets which no ear beside have ever heard, which were buried in the untimely grave of Andre at Tappan and in the more timeous one of Arnold near London, twenty years afterwards. Had walls but tongues as well as the ears they have even to a proverb, what a tale might these tell of that morning and its mighty business! But they were silent and looked as if they had heard no talk except of bullocks ever since they were builded. Arnold left Smith's House about ten o'clock and returned in his barge to Robinson's. Andre spent the rest of the day in the upper part of the house, which was not shown to me, in a state of great anxiety and alarm. Being within the American lines, he knew that, if taken, he might be liable to be regarded as a spy—at any rate that the success of the great plan of operations he had just concerted with Arnold, and all the brilliant hopes his ambition built upon it, depended on his regaining the frigate without detection. As I looked at the fine prospect from the windows, I thought of the conflicting feelings with which he must have looked at the same objects, as he kept watch upon them during those fearful hours. The surroundings of the house were plainly very much as they had been on that historical day. There was little to break the illusion of the day-dream that brought it back again.

It so happened that the Steam Ferryboat by which I had crossed the river had selected this particular day in the year, and this afternoon of it above all, to suspend its operations and go into a "state of retiracy" for repairs. As I did not see much inducement to spend the night at Haverstraw, and as I was sensible of very strong ones to get back to New York, I recrossed the river in a row-boat, and, as it happened I had time enough, I was very glad I did. My boat glided directly across the path of the boat Arnold sent for Andre—not that it took when it landed him, which was farther down—and across that he pursued himself two or three days afterwards in his desperate flight. Plain in sight was Stony Point and Verplank's Point, between which plied the King's Ferry, so often mentioned in Revolutionary History, and below was Seller's Point, off which lay the Vulture—that obscene bird of evil omen to poor Andre.

But I must stop or lose the Post. Whether I shall tell you of my going to Tarrytown, where Andre was taken, depends upon the circumstances in which I find myself when your inexorable day comes round again a fortnight hence. Also whether I shall give you a share of a glimpse I had at Sunnyside and of a longer look I took at Idlewild. We will see.

D. Y.

MISS WATKINS.—This talented young lady has commenced her labours as a lecturer in Eastern Pennsylvania, under encouraging auspices. Wherever she has spoken, thus far, she has given the most decided satisfaction. The lady-like ease and modesty of her deportment and the poetic beauty and pathos of her speaking alike delight and surprise her hearers. In addition to the addresses she gave in Philadelphia, she has lectured at Christiana, Bart, Oxford Meeting-House, Longwood, Hamorton, Pennsylvania, New Garden, Hockessing, and Wilmington, to good audiences, and with great acceptance; and she has meetings appointed for her at Egemont, Radnor, and other places in Delaware County, up to the 9th inst. inclusive. She will continue to lecture in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia till the time of the Fair, after which she will probably take a course towards the interior of the State.

Persons desirous to have the services of Miss Watkins, or of any of the members of the Executive Committee, are requested to communicate immediately with J. M. McKim, 31 North Fifth street.

OUR readers will remember the racy sketch of "The Virginia Editor" which we copied last week from *Harper's Magazine*. The article, it seems, has been the occasion of a duel—almost, between the writer and the Editor who recognised his own likeness in the picture. The following despatch we copy from the *Post* of Wednesday:

WASHINGTON, December 3.—The supposition that a duel was on the tapis has proved correct. Charles Irving, of the Lynchburg *Republican*, it appears, took exceptions to an article in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, written by Mr. Bagby, of Lynchburg, and sent him a challenge.

The parties came to Washington this morning, and proceeded to Bladensburg. Mr. Irving was accompanied by Messrs. Pryor, Bocock and Keitt, and Mr. Bagby by Messrs. W. C. Cohen and W. L. Blanchard. On the arrival upon the grounds of the parties, the matter was amicably and favourably adjusted without a shot.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS *for December* (Vol. XIV., No. 46) offers a tempting variety, as follows: Health and Education; Salome and I—in Six Chapters; The Shingle Movement; A Journey due North—I land at Cronstadt; A Dull Day at Exmoor; Talk Stoppers; Under Water Existence; Chip—The National Gallery and the Old Masters; The Faithful Mirror; A Journey due North—I pass the Custom House, and take my first Russian Walk; Lost in the Pit; A Day of Reckoning—In Seven Chapters; Monmouth; A Journey due North—Ischvostchik, the Droschky Driver; Microscopics; The Captain of the Boats; Two Difficult Cases—The First Case; The Purple Shore; Chip—A Blank Prize; Springs in the Desert; A Journey due North—The Droschky. Dix and Edwards, 321 Broadway.

THE PANORAMA OF LIFE AND LITERATURE *for December* contains (besides Poetry and Short pieces) the following articles: The Civil Wars and Cromwell; A Quartette of Quarterly Reviewers; Macaulay—as Drawn by Blackwood's Magazine; The Old King's-Arms; A Dutch Novelist; Foundling Hospitals in China; History of "Punch"; Brown's Amanuensis; The Fortunes of Glencore, Part VIII.; Family History; The Last House in C—— Street. This number closes the third volume of this valuable monthly. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

COUNTRY HOMES FOR POOR CHILDREN.—We would earnestly commend to the attention of all our country readers the circular of the Children's Aid Society, in our column of "Special Notices." That Society is doing a long-neglected work of beneficence in providing homes for destitute children, who wander in our streets without either employment or means of education. It is under the best of management, and every way entitled to confidence.

OUR Pennsylvania friends will observe that an Anti-Slavery Convention is appointed to be held in Philadelphia at the time of the Fair. They will scarcely need to be reminded of the importance of coming together in large numbers, at this crisis, to consider what should be done for the furtherance of the cause.

THE HERO OF CHRISTIANA.—The *Provincial Freeman* informs us that William Parker, the Hero of the Christiana Treason (!), designs shortly to publish the Narrative of himself and wife Eliza. The book can hardly fail to be an interesting one.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 654.—*Contents:* Bacon's Essays; Ben Jonson; Science and Arts for October; Poems by William W. Story; Children's Playthings; Meg of Ewbank; Book Hawking in England; Poetry; Short Articles.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FEMALE SLAVE. Redfield, 34 Beekman street, New York. 1857.

We have always been persuaded that, when the anti-slavery sentiment of the South shall obtain utterance, Northern representations of the horrors and iniquities of the peculiar institution will be outdone. The Abolitionists are continually charged with using too strong language and with dealing in exaggerated statements. But wait till the story which the South has to tell shall be told. We greatly err if that will not unfold a multitude of gloomy and sickening details, such as the imagination of a Northern Abolitionist is hardly yet prepared, with all the revelations that have been made, to conceive. Hitherto the statements of the sufferings and wrongs of Southern slavery, coming from Northern lips and pens, have been denounced as partial, sectional, distorted. It is reason sufficient with multitudes, South and North, to prove "Uncle Tom's Cabin" a lie and a libel, that it is the work of a Northern writer.

But here at last is a genuine, *bonâ fide* voice from the South. Out of the very company of the slaveholders themselves, bristling with defiance of all the world, comes this wail of mingled pity and condemnation. The author of this book was born and brought up in their midst; and the anti-slavery convictions from which it has come have been produced by no foreign influence, but by a simple personal experience and knowledge of the wrongs and agonies of oppression. In this respect, as a purely Southern testimony, this book stands alone. We have had nothing like it before, nothing that comes to us with such impressive authority. Undoubtedly the work is open to criticism. Defects may be pointed out in the structure of the story. But for ourselves we have no heart to criticise it. The earnestness which pervades it—the evidence which it presents of a soul wrung to agony by the sight and sense of the wrongs of the slave—disarms criticism. It is inspired throughout by a tender and all-comprehending humanity, which familiarity with the scenes depicted, so far from deadening, as it so often does, has only deepened and increased. In its spirit there is no defect. Its anti-slavery is thorough and uncompromising. The youthful author is an Abolitionist who has become so not through human tuition, not through acquaintance with the Northern movement, but by the all-ministering grace of God, which has kept her true and made her faithful to those generous and noble sympathies of youth which are so soon and so often quenched as we advance in life. That grace she trusts in, we doubt not, to sustain her to the end. Her case, striking as it is, is not solitary. Where one has the courage thus to publish her convictions and to commit herself to the sacred cause of truth and righteousness, it is not to be doubted that there are many at the South, many women, who in secret weep and mourn over the misery and the sin against which they have not the strength thus bravely to protest. Heaven comfort and encourage them!

In the "Brooks outrage" and in the reign of Barbarism and Terror which it has disclosed in the South, we have facts that, considered alone, may well dishearten our hopes of Southern emancipation, of the deliverance of *their* terrible bondage, worse even than that under which the African race lies crushed. But here in this voice from the South we have an offset to that revelation; and we may still labour on, in hope and faith, assured as we are by this demonstration that Humanity is not extinguished, that the Spirit of God is brooding over that dark deep.

THE HARP OF FREEDOM. By G. W. CLARK. New York: Miller, Orton and Mulligan.

Mr. Clark is widely known for the devotion to the cause of freedom of his gifts as a vocalist and composer. Some ten years ago he published a collection of anti-slavery songs and tunes, which has been highly esteemed by his numerous friends. He now offers to the public a much larger work, the fruit of his mature judgment and ripe experience. It contains many of the most familiar productions of Whittier, Pierpont, Lowell, Margaret Chandler, and others, set to appropriate and equally familiar airs. The music is arranged as solos, duets, trios, quartettes, choruses, &c., adapted to use in the domestic circle, the social gathering, the school, the mass meeting, and, in short, wherever slavery is abhorred and freedom loved. The work is very neatly printed, and sells for $1.

Summary.

A few days since, thirty coloured persons arrived in Washington from Virginia. They were emancipated by Charles B. Howard, of Orange County, Virginia, each provided with $125 in money, and placed under the care of a gentleman who accompanied them, to secure for them permanent and comfortable homes in the far West.

George W. Johnson, one of the large sugar-planters on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, who died recently, has left an estate valued at not less than $7,000,000. He has by his will manumitted all his slaves, 200 in number. They are all to be sent to Liberia in four years from his death, and each one is to be furnished with $50.

FREMONT VOTES IN THE SOUTH.—In North Carolina a Fremont electoral ticket was formed, and sent to Washington to be printed. Think of that necessity in a free country! But an error appearing in it, it was sent back for correction, and owing to the delay which followed, it was not prepared in time for publication.

The New England Non-Resistance Convention closed its session in this city, at Horticultural Hall, on Sunday evening last. During the evening, the prominent speakers were Adin Ballou, Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Rev. T. W. Higginson, Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster. Mr. Higginson took the resistance side. All the speeches were characterized by great ability and earnestness.—*Worcester Spy, 2nd inst.*

UNDERGROUND.—The Lynchburg (Va.) *Republican* states that the Underground Railway is in operation in that vicinity, two blacks having recently escaped as far as Covington, Ky., with forged free-papers in their possession. In one instance these papers were discovered to have the genuine seal of the Hustings Court affixed. The two negroes were arrested in the Cincinnati boat.

NEGRO-STEALING.—An individual known as Professor Grieve, a pretended phrenologist, or something of that kind, was arrested, some days ago, at Gallatin, Miss., on a charge of having stolen a slave belonging to Capt. O. Voorbies, of this parish. The accused was brought back to New Orleans by the Chief of Police of the Second District police, who was sent after him with an executive requisition.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BURNING OF THE GENEVA WATER-CURE — LOSS OF LIFE.—The large Water-Cure establishment at Geneva, situated on the hill, and formerly known as the Geneva Hotel, was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday night. The fire took place in the lower part of the house, and those in the rooms above had much difficulty in escaping, and one servant girl threw herself from a window in the fourth story, and was instantly killed by the fall. Another servant girl, named Margaret McAuley, aged about 18 or 20 years, jumped from a window in the fourth story and broke a leg.—*Rochester Union.*

FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE. — A day or two since a coloured man named Daniel Drayton was delivered to the United States authorities at Toronto, Canada, on a writ of extradition from Washington, on the charge of stealing a quantity of jewelry. The writ was executed by the Sheriff of Seneca County, New York. Some delay occurred in the execution of the writ, in consequence of the care which was exercised by the Canadian Government in ascertaining that he was not a fugitive slave seized in disguise. Being satisfied on this point, they gave up the prisoner.

SUIT FOR REFUSING A VOTE.—We are informed that Jesse Buckley has sued Wm. Glass, Michael Cleary and R. K. Paine, for damages from the refusal of his vote, on the ground that he had a trace of African blood in his veins, their ruling being that those only could vote at the Fourth Ward polls who were of pure, unadulterated Caucasian lineage. The plaintiff in this case says he has been for sixteen years a voter in the Fourth Ward, that he voted there while Glass was a boy, and before Cleary emigrated from Ireland, and that in former years both these gentlemen had solicited his vote and influence.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

ORIGINAL POETRY.—Thanksgiving Day morning a distinguished clergyman of this city, in speaking of the recent election in favour of the election of James Buchanan, recited the following stanza, which we believe is not to be found in any modern collection of Church Psalmody:

"Hark the glad sound, the enslaver comes,
The enslaver threatened long,
Let Hunkerdom prepare him room,
And kidnappers a song."

Mr. Simms has thrown up his lecturing engagement at the North. He assigns as a reason "the singular odium which attends his progress as a South Carolinian." He is mistaken; no possible odium attaches in the North to a South Carolinian. The fact of his many engagements to lecture has shown it. He might praise his own State forever and there would be no complaint; but when he goes out of his way to assail Mr. Sumner, and perverts the facts of history in the attempt to undervalue the North, he certainly has no right to be surprised that people do not care to hear him. We can get abuse cheaper than by listening to a dull lecture.—*Prov. Jour.*

HUMAN BEINGS IN CHAINS.—About two weeks ago two coloured men from Lynchburg, Va., came down on the Covington and Lexington Railroad to Covington, on their way to the land of freedom. On their arrival at this point they were arrested by the City Marshals for the sake of gaining a few dollars and locked in jail, thus depriving them of that which is more sacred and more dear than life—Liberty. On Friday evening last the owner came down in search of them, and on Saturday morning had them handcuffed with heavy irons and walked them through the streets of Covington from the jail to the depot, homeward. We might comment on such outrages upon human beings; but sensible men will judge of such occurrences as these, and decide which is right, *Slavery or Freedom.—Newport (Ky.) News.*

MR. STANNARD'S EXPULSION FROM NORFOLK.—The Norfolk (Va.) *Argus* and the Mayor of the same place having attempted to justify the proceedings against Mr. Stannard (at the time when he offered his vote for Fremont) on the ground that he had been previously suspected to be an Abolitionist and an abductor of slaves, Mr. S. comes out in a letter, in a New Haven journal, in which he says: "I now in reply challenge either of them to produce even a shadow of proof, either at Norfolk or elsewhere, of what is asserted by them. If suspicion is to be the guide toward judgment, I, for one, feel my rights are very insecure. Still, as I never attended an abolition meeting, or advanced an abolition sentiment, either there or elsewhere, or was concerned in stealing negroes, as stated, I think my conduct should be above suspicion."

GOSSIP.—It is rumoured that the President elect is about to marry the widow of the late President Polk. We think there would be a fitness in such a match. Mrs. Polk is the owner of a poor old negro woman who has spent her life in toiling for the Polk family, and has become worn out, and unable to earn her living. Mrs. Polk, being a practical business woman, has turned the useless old slave into the street to starve—and she now eks out a painful life, by begging crumbs and cold victuals in Nashville. This fact came to us direct from a resident of Nashville, a person of undoubted veracity. We think it entirely fitting for the leader of the baby-stealing, woman-whipping, border-ruffian Democracy to marry such a woman. It would be such a graceful sequel to that campaign-made romance of his early life. It would be a fitting after-piece in the magazine drama in which the forlorn "Lowyer" figured in his youth.—*Reformer.*

SLAVERY IN CUBA.—A Havana correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

"Gen. Concha has lately given a decision affirming the right of a slave to oblige his master to sell him to a third party, which has attracted a great deal of attention. This decision was given at the instance of several slaveholders in Santiago de Cuba, who complained of the local authorities for listening to the complaints of dissatisfied slaves, and ordering their sale against the will of the masters. Several have appealed to Madrid against the decision, and the general impression here is that Concha's position is unsustainable."

The decision was in conformity with custom, if not with law, in Cuba. It is very common in that Island for slaves to purchase their own freedom at a price fixed by the local authorities, and they frequently oblige their masters to sell them to third parties. The Spanish servile laws are far more favourable to the slave than those of the Southern States.—*Boston Journal.*

TRUTH RISING.—From a private letter to a gentleman in this city, we learn that Rev. Charles Howard Malcolm, though dismissed by the Richmond Board, and left without a salary or a church, is preaching at Wheeling, "in his own hired hall," to immense congregations. He has had to hire singers, pay all expenses, and advertise "free preaching" (how persistently that obnoxious word "free" turns up in these times!), and his place of worship, the largest in the city, cannot hold the crowds who come to hear. The seed is already springing, and an incipient church of three new converts, with a number of inquirers, rewards his first labours in this new and singular capacity. The daily papers report his sermons every Monday morning, and flattering calls to conspicuous positions in the East, are tendered him. He needs peculiar grace to preach the Gospel in simplicity and meekness in a position of such trying prominence, and may well invoke the prayers of all who love the cause of religion and liberty, with which he has become identified.—*Examiner.*

M. Kossuth is lecturing for the support of himself and his family. The money he raised in this country was sacredly devoted to the organization of a movement which proved fruitless for a new revolution in Hungary, and not a dollar of it was ever applied to his personal or domestic wants. The small remnant which he saved from the wreck of his private fortune was soon exhausted, and he was thrown entirely upon his own resources for a livelihood. Fortunately he had been all his life a working man, and found no difficulty in renewing his labour. After a brief connection with the press, he decided upon accepting some of the many invitations to lecture which constantly reached him. He made a lecturing tour last season through Scotland, which yielded him over £3,000; and during the present Summer he received over *eighty* invitations to lecture in various parts of Great Britain during the coming Winter. It was in commencing the fulfilment of these engagements that his address at Manchester was delivered.

THE GUN RECOILS.—The Boston *Journal* of NOV. 24 quotes from the Nashville *Union*, which says:

The recent Presidential canvass has had a deleterious effect on the slave population. The negroes manifested an unusual interest at the result, and attended the political meetings of the whites in large numbers. The *Journal* remarks: it was not what the friends of Fremont advocated which has produced this effect; for it is well known that no Fremont meetings have been allowed in that section. But the Democratic orators have drawn many vivid pictures of the horrors which, they alleged, would result from the election of Fremont, the insecurity of slave property, &c. The "abstract" have ears, into which these remarks have found admission, and they have, probably, been talked over on the plantations until the slaves have been led to hope that their slavery will not endure forever. For this, the slaveholders have no one to blame but themselves. If they will reopen or countenance the reopening of the slavery question, and wage so bitter a war upon those at the North who desire to maintain the compromises intact—if they will misrepresent and abuse those who simply oppose the extension of slavery—they must expect to reap the natural consequence.

EMIGRATING SLAVEHOLDERS.—The Missouri *Democrat* of the 22d says:

"On Thursday last we noticed a train of covered wagons, one of which, to appearance, contained the apparatus of some portable exhibition. On inquiry we learned that the company composed five families, emigrating from Virginia to this State. There were forty-five blacks belonging to the different families. The wagon spoken of above contained a large tent, together with all the necessary conveniences of living, for the whole company, during their journey. Everything connected with them gave evidence of prosperity, and we trust they will prove no detriment to the section of country where they may settle. They had not yet decided on the particular locality for their future operations."

They will probably decide according to the course of Mr. Buchanan on the Kansas question. If the strong arm puts down the Free State settlers and Kansas is admitted as a slave State, such caravans will flock in, otherwise they will settle in Missouri, or rather flow from Missouri towards a higher latitude.—*Bost. Tel.*

HENRY WARD BEECHER AFTER A LAWYER — On Saturday last, a lawyer named Cassidy, from Rushville, in this State, got into a political controversy with one of our citizens at the Bennet House. The discussion turned upon the fanaticism of the North and Northern politicians, in which Mr. C. took occasion to say some very hard things of Mr. Beecher—that he ought to have his neck stretched, &c. When this miniature edition of the old "Dog Noble" had barked long enough at the "empty hole" to attract the attention of everybody present, a stranger sitting near him took up the matter in defence of these "fanatics," and took the gentleman through a process that must have been something like that experienced by an eel when undergoing the process of being skinned alive. When he had flayed his victim to his entire satisfaction, he took him by the hand and introduced himself as the veritable Beecher himself, and said that he was aware his neck was short, but he did not wish to have it elongated in the manner he had indicated. After imparting to him some wholesome advice, Mr. B. said he hoped the interview would not prove unprofitable to him, and desired to separate on good terms. It is said that if the lawyer ever escapes a practical test of the virtue of *hemp* himself, it will not be more heartily embraced than his escape from the clutches of Dr. Beecher.—*Shelbyville (Ind.) Republican, Nov. 20.*

CONGRESSIONAL CORRUPTIONS — WHY MEN ARE ANXIOUS TO BE MEMBERS.—Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., in a recent lecture at Boston, said that while in New York he saw $25 given for a single vote for a Member of Congress; and upon his expressing surprise that a man could afford to pay such a sum for one vote, he was assured that the candidate, if re-elected, would make a money-making operation of it; he had received $30,000 at the last session for getting a bill through, and at that rate could afford to pay a good price.

Mr. Quincy does not name the particular member to whom he referred. We do not doubt, however, that what he says is literally true—and that the same thing may be said of other members as well as those from New York. The fact is *corruption* is becoming the rule, and honesty the exception, in very many of our Legislative bodies. Members of Congress, when not paid directly for their votes, are often interested in projects which their votes are to carry through. Lobby agents at Washington know perfectly well that the first thing necessary to secure the passage of any bill making large appropriations of money, donations of land, grants of special privileges, or anything of the kind involving large interests, is to purchase the favour of six or eight of the most active, bustling and influential members—and this is usually done by giving them a share in the proceeds, contingent upon the success of the bill. —*Times.*

EGYPTIAN DARKNESS.—The Southern lobe or extremity of Illinois dips way down and is immersed in the slave States, so that it may be described as thoroughly saturated with the essential extract of slavery. Wedged in between the worst end of Kentucky and the better side of Missouri, the spirit of liberty seems to have been squeezed out of it, and along with it all the enlightenment, education, independence and prosperity characteristic of free society. The official returns of the recent election afford striking evidence of this. The fifteen southernmost Counties are thus reported:

Fremont.	Buchanan.	Fillmore.
219	13,140	4,315

In other words, where one man voted for Fremont and freedom, eighty voted the other way. Johnson County, where there were but two Republicans in a voting population of 1,218, is certainly the banner County of the Buchanan Democracy.

Recurring to the census of 1850 for some further light on this dark region—they call it Egypt out West—we discover that in the fifteen Counties it embraces, the proportion of adults unable to read and write is even lower than in the slave States. One in every ten of adult whites is the proportion at the South. In "Egypt" it is one in eight. Contrasted with Massachusetts, where it is but one in thirty-five, we get a fair measure of the gloom hanging over that beclouded and most Democratic of communities. In fact, if the Connecticut law requiring ability to read as a qualification for voting were extended to Illinois, one-half the electors of Egypt would be disfranchised. —*Times.*

SLAVE INSURRECTION.—A good deal of disquietude exists in New Madrid and Scott Counties, Missouri, and the County of Obion, Tennessee, and Fulton, Kentucky, in consequence of the discovery of insurrectionary movements among the slaves in those Counties. On the 15th, a meeting of citizens was held in New Madrid, of which Judge O'Bannon was President, and Wm. S. Moseley Secretary. W. N. Warren addressed the meeting, giving a detailed account of contemplated insurrectionary movements among the slaves, as the same had been obtained from the ring-leaders and instigators of the plot. A large committee was then appointed from the several Counties named, and they submitted a report recommending that negroes should be prohibited from appearing at any public preaching, unless attended by their masters or agents; that no negro meetings should be allowed, nor any negro permitted to preach to any future gathering; that a committee should be appointed to investigate fully into all these insurrectionary movements, and to expel any white person found guilty of instigating negroes to revolt, and to inflict whatever punishment might be found necessary, and requesting every slaveowner to disarm his slaves. Another resolution requests the Rev. Mr. Thomas to discontinue his missionary efforts among the negroes hereafter. Where passes are hereafter given to slaves, they are to state the date when given, the place of destination, and the hour of return. Large committees of the most respectable men in that region were appointed to give effect to the resolution.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A PITHY ILLUSTRATION.—In his lecture on "The Beautiful," at Cincinnati, Mr. Beecher thus forcibly illustrated the tendency of a principle cherished by many:

"He did not sympathize with, though he respected, that philosophy which denied to one with whose means and station they were compatible, elegant surroundings and rich clothing. Let us see where the philosophy will lead: Some one of this view says to us, 'My dear brother, the world is lying in guilt and wickedness at your feet, and you should do all you may to save it. Now linsey-woolsey is just as comfortable as broadcloth, and the difference in the cost will do much to ameliorate suffering.' So we go home, abandon the broadcloth, appear in the linsey-woolsey, and think we have done a worthy deed. But then comes another, who carries the same principle a little further. He says: 'My dear brother, the world lies in guilt and wickedness at your feet. Why will you indulge in the extravagance of linsey-woolsey, when tanned leather is just as comfortable and so much less expensive?' We act upon the suggestion; don the leather suit, and congratulate ourselves on the approval of conscience, when a third appears. His language is: 'Oh, dull and slow of heart! While the suffering world languishes for your assistance, why will you indulge in the luxury of tanned leather, when you can dress yourself with as much comfort and less cost in plain skins with the hair on?' [Laughter.] Thus we see that the principle would carry us back to original barbarism, until we should dress like the beasts, and inhabit, like them, a hole in a tree. The true idea is that in his dress and surroundings, as in everything else, the Christian gentleman should do whatever he may to elevate the taste of those around him."

THE KANSAS YANKEE'S FERRY TICKET. — We are permitted to copy the following anecdote from a private letter just received by a gentleman of this city from a brother now in Kansas. The Yankee referred to is the right kind of a man to deal with the "border-ruffians" in Kansas.

You know the test to which the Missourians subject all travellers who make their appearance at any of their ferries, and ask to be crossed into Kansas. Some days since a slab-sided Yankee arrived at one of the Northern Missouri landings, with a long train of *plunder* of various sorts. By way of testing him, the ferryman asked him what stock he had.

"Waal," says the Yankee, "I've got two horses, a yoke of oxen, and two *keows*."

"That's enough," replied the ferryman, "you can't cross here."

"Why not?" inquired the Yankee.

The ferryman told him that his instructions were not to cross anybody that couldn't pronounce the word *cow*.

"But I said *keow*," persisted the Yankee.

"Well, you can't cross here," rather gruffly replied Charon.

"But I've got tickets entitling me to cross," urged the Yankee.

The ferryman replied that he did not know of anybody who had a right to sell him tickets.

"But I've got them, any way."

The ferryman demanded a sight of the tickets, whereupon Mr. Yankee stepped back a little, hauled out a revolver in each hand, crying, "There's the tickets, and I'm bound to cross this ferry, *keow* or no *keow*!"—*Marengo Journal.*

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S MARRIAGE.—*Objection to the Bans.*—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Patriot* communicates the following gossip respecting the President elect. We give very little credence to the rumour of Mr. Buchanan's prospective marriage with Mrs. Polk, though, so far as he is concerned, the alliance would be equally auspicious to his domestic happiness and his political fame. It is well understood that the late President Polk, who was an indefatigable writer, left a diary of his administration, containing some very querulous observations on the conduct of Mr. Buchanan, then his Secretary of State. This record it was the ambition of his life to have published after his death. On this, he desired the reputation of himself and his administration to rest, and no doubt he left instructions for its publication.

Mrs. Polk's marriage to Mr. Buchanan, therefore, in such a case, might involve a conflict of duties. As the widow of Mr. Polk, she must feel bound to publish, as the wife of Mr. Buchanan, to suppress, these damaging revelations. Altogether the question is a complicated one, and demands the next President's most deliberate consideration. Sixty-five years of preparation ought not to result in a misstep. But here is the Baltimore *Patriot's* story:

"The gossip concerning Mr. Buchanan's alliance with the widow of a deceased President, the accomplished Mrs. Polk, grows stronger and stronger, and actually begins to partake of probability. In lady circles it was hinted that his equally accomplished niece is opposed to the union, and wants to preside over the White House herself, and do all the honours thereof. She acted in that capacity for him whilst in London, and of course thinks herself equal to it here; she is right. If the alliance does take place, it will be the first instance in American history of a President elect marrying."—*Evening Post, Nov. 28.*

NEGRO INSURRECTIONS.—The papers in the northern part of the State have had frequent statements, of late, in regard to insurrectionary rumours, and insurrectionary plots, both in that part of the State and over the line in Arkansas. A few weeks ago, a man named Hancock was arrested in Union County, Arkansas, on suspicion of being engaged in trying to incite the slaves to insurrection. He made some confessions, and managed finally to escape, but was re-arrested, taken to El Dorado, tried and shot, not, however, by regular process. He was not found guilty on his trial, but subsequently he said he knew all about it, but would not tell. This so exasperated the people that they seized him, and, being then convinced of his guilt, shot him in the woods. A man by the name of Martin was tried in El Dorado, on a similar charge, convicted and hanged. There was to be a general concentration of about 300 negroes at a given point, led on by Hancock and several others. The town of El Dorado was to be attacked —its inhabitants murdered, and money and provisions obtained by force.

The excitement extended down into Louisiana, and several planters have been examining their negroes, but they have discovered, as yet, nothing to implicate any one. It is to be hoped the matter will rest where it is. In all such circumstances excitement is apt to be carried too far, and innocent persons, in consequence, are liable to be punished for the guilty. We deprecate all hasty and extra-judicial proceedings where it is possible to avoid them.

We learn that at a public meeting held in the Parish of St. Mary's, on the 10th inst., a Vigilance Committee for each Police Jury Ward was organized in that parish. The object seems to be to prevent persons selling liquor to slaves, by which they are demoralized and finally rendered worthless. If every person in New Orleans who sells poisonous liquor to slaves were taken up, there would be work enough for half-a-dozen Vigilance Committees. The evil is a very serious one, and we fear is increasing.—*N. O. Bulletin.*

A Congressional slaveholder, named Wm. A. Lake, of Mississippi, recently passed through Ohio, on his way to Washington, with three persons whom he had stolen, or whose services for life he had stolen, which is pretty nearly the same thing in the highest court of morals, whatever it may be in the highest courts of the United States. At Columbus, an attempt was made to procure their release by a writ of habeas corpus, but the officers refused to serve the writ. The telegraphic office was also for the time-being under the control of slavery, and a message which was ordered to be sent to Zanesville, or some other place on the route of the honourable man-and-woman thief, was destroyed or suppressed.

These evidences of the soundness of public opinion in the capital of Ohio and in the slavery question are proclaimed with many expressions of satisfaction by the Ohio *Statesman* and other Buchanan organs. Ohio, we are sorry to say, is likely to lose her anti-slavery reputation by the events of the past year. In the election figures she does not compare very well with the other Fremont States. There is not one of them, taking all things into consideration, that has not done better. And we have been waiting for some apology or explanation by the Republican newspapers of that State of the fact that Fremont has only a plurality, and not a majority. Such evidences of subserviency to the slaveholding demands as are given by sheriffs and telegraphic offices of Columbus do not speak well for the soundness of opinion there.

We are by no means surprised to see the slaveholders taking the very first opportunity to test the value of their recent Presidential victory. In their estimation, it has given them the power not only to travel with their stealings in free States, but to tarry with them there as long as they please. And if this claim is disputed, they mean to have a legal decision in their favour from the Supreme Court of the United States. Such evidences of subserviency as we have seen in the people of Columbus, and (not less) in other places in the free States—such votes for slavery as have been given even in States which have gone for Fremont—are well calculated to encourage Congressional slaveholders and others in their outrageous demands. It is

Miscellaneous Department.

CLERICAL ODDITIES OF THE OLDEN TIME.

From Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit.

JOHN HANCOCK.

[The following sketches of John Hancock, grandfather of the celebrated patriot, and minister of Lexington, Massachusetts, from 1697 to 1752, were furnished by the Rev. Theodore Parker, of Boston, who was born and brought up in the parish in which Mr. Hancock exercised his ministry.]

In the period of Mr. Hancock's ministry, while the country was newly settled, and the bounds of estate not well fixed, it frequently happened that his parishioners would find it difficult to settle the bounds of their respective estates. On such occasions, Mr. Hancock volunteered his services as arbitrator and final judge. He would repair to the house of one of the contending parties, and address him by his Christian name, as was the custom of the clergy, except when speaking to such as were technically called "Gentlemen." "Joseph," says the minister, "I hear you quarrel with neighbour Reed"—if that was the name. "Why," says the man, "we did n't really get our horns together." "Ah, but I hear you quarrel with him—about your lands, I suppose it is." "Yes, sir." "Well, take your deed and your plan, and come over to Reuben's with me."

They go together to the neighbour's house, and, after the usual salutations, very humble on the one side, and very lofty on the other, the minister says: "Well, Reuben, I have brought Joseph along with me to settle the quarrel between ye—get your deed and your plan." Then he compared the two, heard the rival claims, went to the spot, attended by some of the other neighbours, and walked back and forth, looking at the premises; then, having made up his mind, he would say: "Take your axes and cut some stakes." They were cut. "Drive this stake down here, and pile some stones around it." That was done. "Now drive that stake down there, and pile some stones around that." It was done accordingly. Then he would say, "Now, Reuben and Joseph, your line runs there, and there let it run forever! That is *your* land, Joseph, and that is *your* land Reuben, and let us have no more quarrelling about this matter."

This clerical manner of getting a *judicium rusticum* was effectual. There was no appeal. Substantial justice was done, litigation was avoided, and good feeling restored. His manner on such occasions, and the assumption of authority attending it, procured him the title of *Bishop Hancock*—not a very pleasant name to the men who gave it.

The following story illustrates his self-reliance and independence. In the latter part of his ministry, while he was quite aged, but still hale and vigorous, and not a little disposed to use his authority, the two deacons, and, perhaps, others in the church, thought it was necessary to put some check upon the good old man. So, on a set time, the deacons went to his house to propose that they should have Ruling Elders in the church. It was thought to be a difficult matter to propose the business to so lofty a man—so the ablest of the deacons undertook it—after the following fashion: "We think, sir," said he, "that on account of your great age, you ought to have some assistance from the church, in your numerous assiduous labours." "Ah," says Mr. Hancock, who knew what was coming, "I know I am old and I suppose I am feeble, too—I thank the church for their kindness. But how do they propose to help me?" "Oh," said the deacon, "they thought they would appoint two Ruling Elders to divide the care of the church with you. But they did not wish to do so without your consent." "Well, I should like it," said he—"perhaps they would choose *you* to the office." The deacons concurred in the opinion. "They could n't do better; you might be of great help to me. But what do you think is the business of Ruling Elders?" saith he. "Oh," said the aspirants to the office, thinking the difficulty all over, "we will leave that to you—you are a learned man, and have studied the history of the Church." "Yes," said he, "I have studied ecclesiastical history a good deal, and paid particular attention to Church discipline and government, and I think I know what the Ruling Elders ought to do." "We leave it wholly to you to say what part of your labours they shall attend to," remarked the deacons. "Well, then," said the Bishop, "I should like to have one of them come up to my house before meeting on Sunday, and get my horse out of the barn, and then saddle him and bring him up to the door, and hold the stirrup while I get on. The other may wait at the church door and hold him while I get off; then, after meeting, he may bring him up to the steps. This is all of my work I ever can consent to let the Ruling Elders do for me." The office has remained vacant to the present day.

The following shows that he could be facetious as well as episcopal. He once visited a wealthy farmer, one of his best friends, who was in the habit of making him presents from time to time. He went to visit the family once; it was in haying time, and the men folks were at a distance in the meadow, so he only saw the farmer's wife and the younger children. It was in the forenoon, and she got him for luncheon some brown bread and cider, and set before him a whole cheese that he might cut for himself. He put his knife on the cheese, first this way and then that, as if in doubt where to begin. "Where shall I cut this cheese, Mrs. Smith?" asked he. "Cut it where you have a mind to, Mr. Hancock," was the answer. "Then," said he, "I think I will cut it at home!" So, slices of cheese were brought for the lunch, and the whole cheese put in his saddle-bags.

FATHER MOODY.

[Here is a string of characteristic anecdotes relating to Father Moody, as he was familiarly called by his cotemporaries, who was ordained in York, Maine, in the year 1700. They were obtained from the Rev. Mr. Sewall of Chesterville, Me., who certifies to their authenticity.]

Father Moody's first wife was the sister of my grandfather, and was the mother of his three children. His daughter, Mary, was the wife of Mr. Joseph Emerson, who was minister in those days in Malden near Boston. Mr. Emerson used to write out his sermons correctly, before he preached them; whereas Father Moody wrote but little, and was rather scattering in his manner of preaching. Mr. Emerson would now and then take his wife home, and spend a Sabbath with her father, and give the people a couple of his good written sermons. Numbers of Father Moody's hearers were very much taken with Mr. Emerson's well-studied discourses. "Oh, what instructive sermons—we can learn something from *them*"—they were wont to say. Father Moody found it out, and thought within himself, "If I should once in a while write out a sermon in full, perhaps I might benefit those people who do not so well relish my random fires." So he concluded to put the matter to trial, and wrote a sermon with this object in view. After opening the meeting as usual, he began to read his manuscript, and kept on reading till he got tired; and then stopped and looked round upon the people and said, "Emerson must be Emerson, and Moody must be Moody. I feel as if I had my head in a bag. You call Moody a rambling preacher, and it is true enough; but his preaching will do to catch up rambling sinners—you are all runaways from the Lord." And so he went on his old way; he would not submit to be trammelled at that rate.

At a meeting of the Association to which he belonged, held at his own house, the ministers undertook to call him to an account for his odd expressions and backhanded strokes. "Father Moody, we do not think you do right." "Why, what have I done?" "Why, we are told that at such a time you expressed yourself so and so. Now, *you* know whether it is true or not. If it is, we do think you ought to be more careful; for you are liable by such a course to injure the good cause." He made no answer, but stepped into his study, and soon returned with a memorandum of twenty or thirty cases of the hopeful conversion of persons who had been awakened by just such expressions as his brethren were condemning. As he read it over to them with the dates, &c., they looked at each other with no little surprise, and one of them remarked, "If the Lord owns Father Moody's oddities, we must let him take his own way," and to this they all agreed.

One morning, late in the Fall, after snow had began to come, he rose early, before his wife, and while he was making a fire in his kitchen, there came in a poor woman and asked if Madam Moody had not a old pair of shoes that were better than hers, that would keep her feet from the snow and cold ground. Mr. Moody took his wife's shoes and gave her, and she went off highly delighted. By and by, when Mrs. Moody arose and could find nothing of her shoes, Mr. Moody, hearing her inquire for them, said, "I gave them away to such a poor woman this morning." "Why, Mr. Moody, how could you do so when you knew they were all the shoes I had in the world?" "Never mind; the Lord will send in another pair before night, I don't doubt." And the prediction was verified; in the course of the day a new pair of shoes was actually sent to her.

A couple of strangers called on Father Moody one day early in the forenoon. Their horses were put out, and he took them into the sitting-room and engaged in conversation with them. His wife opened a door from another room and beckoned to him to come to her. He went, and she said to him in a low tone: "Dear Mr. Moody, what shall we do? We have nothing to set before these men for dinner." "Never mind; set the table, and I do not doubt that the Lord will send us something by dinner time." One of his church members, who lived in sight, and saw the men call at the parsonage, said to her daughters: "There are a couple of strangers gone to Mr. Moody's, and I guess it is pretty short times with them; let us prepare a dinner and send it in." They did so, and thus the set table was furnished in season.

When Cape Breton was taken the first time, Father Moody served as chaplain. After the capture was effected, the officers of the navy and land forces dined together. Some of Mr. Moody's friends, who knew his partiality for long services, were apprehensive that he would be so long asking a blessing that the food would get cold before they could commence eating it. When dinner was ready, Gen. Pepperell spoke to Mr. Moody, and he came to the table, lifting up both hands and saying: "O Lord, we have so much to bless thee for we must refer it to eternity, for time is too short; so bless our food and fellowship for Christ's sake." His friends were so agreeably disappointed that they took down his *long* blessing in writing, and brought it home, and by that means I obtained it.

One time Father Moody was some distance from home, and called on a brother in the ministry, thinking to pass the Sabbath with him, if agreeable. The brother appeared glad to see him and said: "I should be very glad to have you preach for me to-morrow, but I am almost ashamed to ask you." "Why, what is the matter?" "Our people are in such a habit of leaving before the meeting is closed that it seems to be an imposition on a stranger." "If that is all, I must and will stop to preach for you." When Sabbath day came, and he had named his text, he looked round and said: "My friends, I am going to preach to two sorts of folks to-day, saints and sinners. Sinners, I am going to give you your portion first, and I would have you give good attention." He went on and preached to them as long as he thought proper, and then paused and said: "There, sinners, I am done with you now; you may take your hats and go out of the meeting-house as soon as you please." Of course, no one availed himself of the permission.

Among Mr. Moody's stated hearers there was a young man who took special pains, when he had a new pair of shoes to creak, or a new garment to show, to come into meeting after the service had commenced. After having annoyed Mr. Moody in this manner for some time, he came in, as he usually did, one morning during the prayer, and had to walk a considerable distance in the house before he reached his seat. The moment he stopped in his seat, Mr. Moody, with an elevated tone of voice, exclaimed: "O Lord, we pray thee, cure Ned Ingraham of that ungodly strut!"

Mr. Moody, on one occasion, observed quite a number of his hearers asleep. He stopped in his sermon and cried out at the top of his voice: "Fire, fire, fire." One man, waking out of a sound sleep, asked in the utmost consternation, "Where?" "In hell, for sleepy sinners," answered the preacher.

When he settled in York, he refused to have a stated salary, preferring to live upon charity and faith. After he became advanced in years, his people inserted in their warrant for a parish meeting an article to see if the parish would settle a salary upon him. The circumstance having been communicated to him, he attended the meeting, and when that article was called up he earnestly opposed it. His friends reminded him that age was creeping upon him, that he received but a meager support, and that the little he did get was principally from some of his best friends, and that such a course operated very unequally. He inquired who his best friends were, and, without waiting for an answer, mentioned a number of persons, and asked if they were not among them. It was admitted that they were. "And are they not," added he, "the best livers in town?" "Yes," was the answer. "Yes," responded he, "and so they always will be, so long as they lay themselves out for the support of the Gospel." He persevered in his determination; and, as he began in that way, he resolved to see it through, though I have understood that he did not recommend the course to others.

MATHER BYLES.

[These anecdotes of the famous Dr. Byles of punning and tory memory are given by the Rev. S. J. May, of Syracuse, whose father was a near neighbour of Dr. Byles when a boy, and was in the habit of frequently visiting at his house.]

Dr. Byles had rendered himself obnoxious to the Revolutionists by his obvious inclination to the side of the King of England. His unpopularity on this account quickened the perceptions of the people, so that they discerned in his life and conversation much that was unbecoming in a minister of the Gospel. It was therefore determined by his parishioners that, as soon as practicable, measures should be taken to dismiss him. Accordingly, after the city had been evacuated by the British, and the people had returned from the country towns to which they had fled, and begun to "put things to right," the members of the church in Hollis street mustered themselves, and prepared to deal with their minister, as they were in duty bound. Notice was given that, on a certain day, the church would meet their pastor, and show cause why a mutual council should be called to dissolve the relation of the parties.

My father went to the meeting-house at the time appointed, to see and hear all that should transpire. The scene was a desolate one. Nothing was standing on the floor of the house but the pulpit and the stove. The male members of the church were already assembled, and seated in one of the galleries, awaiting in silence, and some evident trepidation, the approach of the great man against whom they were to "prefer charges." In due time, the door opened slowly, and Dr. Byles entered the house with an imposing solemnity of manner. He was dressed in his ample flowing robes and bands, under a full bush-wig that had been recently powdered, surmounted by a large three-cornered hat. He walked from the door to the pulpit with a long and measured tread, ascended the stairs, hung his hat upon the peg and seated himself. After a few moments he turned with a portentous air toward the gallery where his accusers sat, and said: "If ye have aught to communicate, say on."

Then arose one of the deacons of the church, a man of diminutive stature and feeble voice, and having unfolded a manuscript, commenced reading: "The Church of Christ in Hollis street"—"Louder," said the Doctor, in his deep-toned sonorous voice. The deacon raised his voice and began again: "The Church of Christ in Hollis street"—"Louder," said the Doctor in a higher key. The little man in the gallery exerted himself to throw out his voice with more force, and read the third time the same words. "Louder," shouted the Doctor, "Louder, I say." At this the deacon strained himself to the utmost; and trembling with the effort and with dread of the angry man who sat before him, proceeded to read specifications of unministerial and otherwise improper conduct alleged against their pastor. When the third or fourth had been read, Dr. Byles rose and shouted out upon the top of his stentorian voice—"'Tis false, 'tis false; and the Church of Christ in Hollis street knows that 'tis false!" At the same moment, seizing his hat, he planted it upon his head, descended hastily from the pulpit, and walked out of the church never to enter it again, leaving the deacon and the members to manage the matter in their own way and their own time.

I will add two or three other anecdotes concerning Dr. Byles, which I remember to have heard from my father, of which Mr. Tudor has made no record.

Soon after the arrival of the British troops that first came to Boston, Dr. Byles was riding by the Common on which they were encamped. "So, so," said he to the gentleman who accompanied him, "I perceive the American grievances are redressed." "Ah," replied his companion, "that won't do, Dr.; you have a double *d* there." "Well," cried the Dr., "I have a right to the double *D*, and have had this ten years."

You may remember the lower tier of the windows of King's Chapel in Boston are but half the size of those of the upper tier. The church was erected at a time when the prejudices against Episcopalians were very bitter, and the style of the building was not a little ridiculed. Dr. Byles was passing by one day with a friend—"Ho," cried the Dr., pointing to the low windows, "I had heard that the English Church was furnished with canons; but I did not know before that it also had port-holes."

NATHANIEL EMMONS.

[A man of more native originality and acuteness of mind has scarcely been born in this country than the late Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Mass. He lived to the age of ninety-five, and died in the year 1840. He was a humorist in his disposition and habits, though addicted through his long lifetime to the most subtle metaphysical contemplations. The Rev. Mr. Smalley, of Worcester, gives some curious reminiscences of this ancient patriarch:]

It was interesting to be with him and to listen to his words of wisdom wherever he went; but no one could appreciate him who had not witnessed the play of his sensibilities and the electric flashes of his genius among those whom he admitted to his friendship. His study was his home. There he ate and worked. There he girded himself to grapple with the seven problems in Philosophy and Theology; and there he unbent his mind to meet and entertain those whom he loved. He had everything arranged to suit himself. His chair must be in the same spot, and a stranger could easily see where that spot was, by the four indentations which had gradually appeared under the mild abrasions of its four legs. His writing-desk, with its case of books, must be just so near to him, and all its fixtures and furnishings in the same order. There was the peg for his surtout, and there another for his three-cornered hat. There was a place on the right side of the fire for the tongs, and on the left side for the shovel. Precisely so must the wood be laid on the fire, and the ready hearth-brush must almost instinctively do its duty in keeping dust and ashes in their places. At such a time must the wood-box be replenished; the faithful servant must know enough to enter that room with head uncovered; and so devoted was the sage to his own calling, so much did he depend on others to do what belonged to other departments, that he would often playfully say, "I cannot do without a servant twenty-four minutes." In his study he passed much the larger portion of his life, after he was settled in the ministry; and whoever enjoyed the privilege of visiting him there, will not easily forget his benignant smile, or cordial laugh, or his cheerful and instructive conversation. The following specimens of that conversation may be relied on as substantially correct, and the incidents recorded actually occurred.

One was calling his attention to the beauties of a very neat manuscript: "What a pity that a man who can write so well hadn't something better to write."

A young preacher had pronounced an able discourse for him on Sabbath morning, but it advocated a principle at variance with some first principle which had for him the force of an axiom. As they walked toward his house at noon, not a word was said. On entering his study, the Doctor turned to the preacher, and very blandly remarked, "I liked your sermon this morning very much. It was well arranged, well argued, and well delivered. I have but one fault to find with it—*it was not true.*"

To another preacher, who seemed to require some mental stimulant, he said, "Did you ever go over Seekonk Plain? Your preaching is too much like that—long and level."

After telling a young man some wholesome truths, and making to him some useful suggestions, he was accosted by the subject of his criticisms with the following question: "Dr. Emmons, why is it that young clergymen feel so small after talking with you?" "Because," he replied, "they feel so big before they come here."

At a public dinner, one who prided himself on his liberal views, and who was fond of arguing, being questioned somewhat more rigidly than usual, thought to put an unanswerable point by saying, so that all around might hear it, "Well, every tub must stand upon its own bottom." "Yes, yes," replied Dr. E., "but what shall those tubs do that haven't any bottom?"

A skeptic, who was found of putting puzzling questions to clergymen, once called upon the Doctor, and, after showing that "the wine was in, and the wit out," asked, with apparent seriousness, "Dr. Emmons, can you tell me what I am to understand by the *soul* of man?" "No," was the reply, "I cannot tell a man that *hasn't got any.*"

He thus rebuked one who, under improper stimulant, presumed, in the presence of several by-standers, to claim a particular acquaintance with him. Dr. Emmons not recognising the acquaintance, the forward man exclaimed, "What; do you not know me, Doctor? I have held the stirrup for you to mount your horse many a time, when you were at my grandfather's." "Have you?" replied the Doctor; "you look as if you had never been in so good business since."

A WELCOME TO AULD AGE.

BY MISS HAMILTON.

"Is that auld age that 's tirling at the pin?
I trow it is, then haste to let him in.
Ye 're kindly welcome, friend! nay, dinna fear
To show yoursel, ye 'll cause nae trouble here.
I ken there are who tremble at your name,
As gin ye brought wi' ye reproach or shame,
And who of a thousand lies wad bear the sin
Rather than own ye for their kith or kin.
But, far frae shirking ye as a disgrace,
Thankfu' I am, to have lived to see your face;
Nor shall I e'er disown ye, nor tak pride
To think how lang I might your visit bide;
Doing my best to mak ye weel respecket,
I 'll nae fear for your sake to be neglecket.
But since ye 're come, and through aw kind o' weather
We 're doomed frae this time forth to jog togither,
I 'd fain mak compact wi' ye, firm and strang,
On terms of fair giff gaff to hold out lang.
Gin ye 'll be civil, I sall liberal be;
Witness, the lang, lang list of what I 'll gie.
First then—I here mak oure for gude and aye
Aw *youthful fancies*, whether bright or gay,
Beauties and *graces* too, I wad resign them,
But sair i fear 't wad cost ye fash to find them,
For 'gainst your Daddy Time they could na stand,
Nor bear the grip of his unsoncie hand;
But there 's my *skin*, which ye may farther crinkle
And write your name at length on ilka wrinkle,
On my *brown locks* give leave to lay your paw
And bleach them to your fancy white as snaw,
But look na' Age, sae wistful at my mouth,
As gin ye lang 'd to pu' out ilka *tooth*.
Let them, I do beseech, still keep their places,
Tho' gin ye wish 't, ye 're free to paint their faces.
My *limbs* I yield ye, and if ye saw meet
To clap your icy shackles on my *feet*,
I 'se no refuse, but if ye drive out gout,
Will bless ye for 't, and offer thanks devout.
Sae muckle wad I gie wi' free gude will,
But och! I fear there 's mair ye look for still,
I ken by that fell glower and meaning shrug,
You 'd pit your skinny fingers on each *lug*,
And unco fair ye are, I trow, and keen
To cast your misty powders in my *een*.
But O! in mercy spare my poor wee twinkers
And I for aye will wear your crystal blinkers,
Then bout my *lugs* I 'd fain a bargain mak,
And gie my hand that I sall ne'er draw back,
Weel then, wad ye consent their use to share,
'T wad serve us baith and be a bargain rare,
Thus I wad hae 't when babbling fools intrude,
Gabbling their noisy nonsense lang and loud,
Or, when ill nature weel brushed up by wit,
Wi' sneer sarcastic takes its aim to hit,
Or when detraction, meanest son o' pride,
Spies out wee faults and seeks great worth to hide,
Then mak me deaf—as deaf as deaf can be,
At aw such times, my lugs I lend to thee.
But when in social hour ye see combined,
Genius and wisdom, fruits o' heart and mind,
Good sense, good humour, wit in playfu' mood,
And candour e'en frae ill extracting good,
O then, auld friend, I maun hae back my hearing—
To want it then wad be an ill past bearing.
Better to lonely sit in the douf spence
Than catch the sough of words witho't the sense.
Ye winna promise I och! ye 're unco' dour,
Sae hard to manage and sae cold and sour.
Nae matter, hale and sound I 'll keep my heart,
Nor frae a erum on 't sall I ever part.
It 's kindly warm will ne'er be chilled by aw'
The coldest breath your frozen lips can blaw;
And tho' ye tak the rest, it shan 'na grieve me,
For aw blith spunk of spirits ye maun leave me,
But let me tell ye in ye 'r lug, auld Age,
I 'm bound to travel wi ye but as stage,
Be 't lang or short ye canna keep me back,
And when we reach the end on 't, ye maun pack,
For there we part forever, late or earn,
Another guess companion meets me there,
To whom ye, will ye, nill ye, maun me bring,
Nor think that I 'll be wae or laith to spring
Frae your poor dozened side, ye carl uncouth,
To the blest arms of *everlasting youth!*
By Him, whate'er ye 're rifled stawn or taen,
Will all be gien wi' interest back again,
Frose by aw' gifts and graces, thousands moe
Than heart can think of, freely he 'll bestow;
Ye need na' wonder, then, nor swell wi pride
Because I kindly welcome ye as guide
To ane sae far your better—now aw 's told,
Let us set out upon our journey cold,
Wi' nae vain boasts, nae vain regrets tormented,
We 'll e'en jog on the gait sae quiet and contented."

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF RHODE ISLAND.

From The Providence Journal.

"The country round the Narragansett bay and to the west of it is, in the first old works and maps, generally named *Naragansets*, or the *Naragansett Country*. The colonists at Plymouth discovered and entered this country already in the first years of the existence of their town. Roger Williams was the first settler in this territory. He and some other dissenters and refugees from Massachusetts founded here the towns of Providence, Newport and Portsmouth. They united all in one government in the year 1643, under the name '*Incorporation of Providence Plantations*,' or, as they are styled in King Charles First's patent of that year, '*Incorporation of Providence Plantations in our Naragansetts Bay, in New England.*'

"In the year 1655 Cromwell writes to this colony under the following address or title: '*To our well beloved inhabitants of Rhode Island, together with the rest of the Providence Plantations*'; and this I believe is the first time that the name Rhode Island is applied to a greater extent of the territory of a province. As the name of an island it was, however, already or some time in existence.

"This island, the largest in Naragansett bay, was called by the Indians Aquiday or Aquednet, or Aquetneck, which is said to signify Garden island. How and for what reason it received the name Rhode Island is a disputed and obscure question. Some ancient authors write the name '*Island of Rhodes*,' and it has been suggested that the name was derived of the old Grecian island of this name. It is in this respect a curious fact that already the old French navigator Verrazzano, the first modern explorer who touched this part of the American coast, pronounced the name of Rhodes in connection with this bay. He discovered in these waters an island (Martha's Vineyard?), which he compares, in respect to size and appearance, to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. This was to be read in Hacklyt, and it is possible that John Clark and his companions (the first settlers on Aquetneck) took occasion from this circumstance to name their island.

"Some have believed that the name was to be derived from the Dutch *Roode Eylandt*, which signifies *Red Island*, and which the first Dutch explorers of the bay sometimes gave to the island. So the name is explained by an old Dutch author in the year 1649.

"Others have written the name *Rod Island*. Perhaps it could also be Road Island (the island of the roadstead or harbour island), because the real and authentic origin and beginning of the name appears to be so uncertain. I also find that in the early history of the State persons of the family name of '*Rhodes*' are often mentioned. Could not one Mr. Rhodes have been amongst the first English settlers?

"The name was afterwards given to the whole country round Narragansett bay, which also was sometimes called Rhode Island bay.

"In the year 1663 the colonists of that country obtained from Charles I. a charter which incorporated their community under the name of the '*Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.*' This colony was also sometimes called *The King's Province*. The present legal and official name is still *Rhode Island and Providence Plantations*, but commonly the name is made shorter, *State of Rhode Island*."

The *National Intelligencer*, from which we take the above, contains a long article, continued in two numbers, "On the Ancient and Modern Names with which the Regions, Countries, Territories and States along the coasts of the North American States have been designated," by Mr. J. G. Kohl, a learned German, whose writings on England, Germany, etc., are well known to readers. This gentleman has, for many years, been engaged in Europe collecting ancient maps, charts and geographical works, relating to America, as materials for the history of the discovery, exploration, and hydrography of the United States coasts. Such a work, prepared from original and authentic sources, will throw much light upon these subjects, particularly of the voyages to and along our coasts before the English planted their colonies; and we are glad to learn that Professor Bache, Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey, has invited Mr. Kohl to prepare his work for publication by that department.

In his notice of Rhode Island it will be perceived that the learned German has fallen into an error regarding the origin of the name of the State, although he gets his authority for such statement from well-known sources.

We are aware that many fanciful etymologies have been suggested as the origin of the name of Rhode Island, among others that of *roode*, the Dutch for red. Had our shores presented any reddish appearance, there might have been reason for such an origin of the name, but they do not. It is not necessary to resort to any such strained etymologies, when the annals of the colony tell the whole story. In the first volume of the Colonial Records, p. 126, in the proceedings of the General Court of Election, or General Assembly, March, 1644, is the following:

"It is ordered by this Court, that the Yland commonly called Aquetneck shall be from henceforth called the Isle of Rhodes, or Rhode Island."

It is possible that John Clark and Wm. Coddington, who were men of learning, with others who formed the first compact on Rhode Island in 1637, were familiar with the narratives of the early voyages to the American coast. They had been many times published in England by the famous Hakluyt, Purchas and others, and our colonists had doubtless read, in the collected voyages of these compilers, the narrative of Verrazzano, who was the first European that ever entered the waters of Narragansett Bay, which was in the year 1524. He was the first, too, to discover Block Island, to which he gave the name of Claudia, after the Queen, or mother of Francis the First; and in speaking of its shape, compared it with the Isle of Rhodes. This name may have thus been suggested to the early colonists, who afterwards adopted it.

We differ from Mr. Kohl in supposing that Verrazzano alluded to Martha's Vineyard when speaking of Claudia Island. Leaving the bay, now known as New York, he says (quoting from Hakluyt's voyages of 1582):

"Wee sayled towarde the east, for so the coast trended, and so alwayes for fifty leagues, being in sight thereof, wee discovered an Ilande, in form of a triangle, distante from the maine land three leagues, about the bigness of the Ilande of Rodes. It was full of hilles," etc.

"And wee came to another lande being fifteen leagues distant from the Ilande, where we found a passing good haven," etc.

The distance of Block Island from the entrance to New York Bay is about 150 miles or 50 leagues, and from the former to Newport harbour is about as stated. Again, the description of the bay and its island, as well as that of the surrounding country, given by Verrazzano, all coincides with that of Narragansett Bay and its shores; so that there can be no mistake in identifying it as the bay visited by this early navigator. Martha's Vineyard is altogether too far east for the island referred to, and the country around Buzzard's Bay does not conform to the narrative.

We wish to correct Mr. Kohl in another matter. In speaking of the name of the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, he says: "This colony was also sometimes called the King's Province." This is incorrect. Only the Narragansett country, lying south of Warwick, was included in the district known as the King's Province. The name was never applied to the whole colony.

CHILDREN'S PLAYTHINGS.

Children's playthings! What a crowd of thoughts of the past, present, and future, do these words raise. Pleasant memories of bygone days, and dear associations with the little ones who gather round our old arm-chair, bringing bright hopes for the years yet to come.

Children's playthings! What remembrances arise of the nursery; of favourite dolls, whose faces are still familiar to us as those of former friends; and of tears shed when an anatomical brother dissected the head or took out the eye of a waxen treasure, and made it thenceforth dearer than ever to our idolatrous hearts. Children's playthings! How much we owe them! Who knows what of science, invention, and progress may not be attributable to them! What landmarks of history, fashion and manners may they not become! A child's toy may hereafter record the triumphs of a Waterloo or the fall of a Sebastopol, as faithfully as the hieroglyphics which whisper the metamorphosis of a Nebuchadnezzar or the victories of a Sesostris. Take the toys of the last century alone, and what a pictorial history of England lies before us: her wars, her discoveries, manufactures, locomotives, machinery, and dress; all are in the hands of our children. Of the antiquity of children's playthings, many records remain; and by these fairy footsteps we may measure the refinement and civilization of a people. Egypt, which was the cradle of Grecian arts and the teacher of other countries, has left traces of herself, not only in her mummies, pyramids, and papyrus, but also in her toys. In the Leyden Museum may be found dolls as old as the Hebrew exodus; and the following extract shows how well the nurseries of the Amenophs and Remesekes were supplied: "A young Egyptian child was amused with painted dolls, whose hands and legs, moving on pins, were made to assume various positions by means of strings. Some of these were of rude form, without legs, or with an imperfect representation of a single arm on one side; some had numerous beads, in imitation of hair hanging from the doubtful place of the head. Others exhibited a nearer approach to the form of a man; and some, made with considerable attention to proportion, were small models of the human figure. Sometimes a man was figured washing, or kneading dough, who was made to work by pulling a string; and a typhonian monster, or a crocodile, amused a child by his grimaces or the motion of his opening mouth."

If Egypt, then, had her toys, Greece and Rome had theirs too; and as surely as Moses played with his bricks in the palace of Pharaoh, and Agesilaus with his hobby-horse in the Spartan court, so, we may believe, did Virginia carry her dolls, and Cæsar his mimic car,

> "All through the bellowing Forum,
> And round the Suppliant's Grove,
> Up to the everlasting gates
> Of Capitolian Jove."

Having thus established so respectable a patronage for our favourites, we will not inquire more curiously into their origin, but return to our reminiscences of the toys of our own day, and revisit the country-fair where we begin our acquaintance with our wooden friends. Yes, genteel reader, a country-fair—not as it is now, a sharer in the universal "move on" of the police, an annoyance rather than an amusement—but such as it was on the village-greens of our fatherland before the Enclosure Act had come into operation. Such fairs still linger on in Normandy; and there, as once it was here, the fair-day is a day much to be observed. We remember, in the simple faith of childhood, using, with a dear sister, the prayer for fair weather from the Book of Common Prayer on the eve of the great day, when a few clouds around the setting sun shook the hopes of the morrow. Happily for our orthodoxy, the day was fine, and a happier party never left a nursery. The road was early thronged, and the sound of penny-trumpets, and the faces expressive of gingerbread, quickened our pace and excited our hopes. What toys we bought!—jacks-in-the-box, watchman's (those were days when it was more fashionable to wake a watchman than to wrench a knocker), tin Wellingtons, Cossacks, and Bluchers, spinning-jennies and industrious cobblers, Noah's Arks closely resembling the extinct animals in the Crystal Palace, with three little wooden figures whom we were accustomed to call Shem, Ham, and Japhet, though always sorely puzzled as to what had become of the remaining five inhabitants of the Ark. Then the dolls—the first doll, we remember, was so like an image of the Virgin we once saw at Antwerp, that in these days it might have carried babes over to Rome; and it would have needed a sight of the Leyden Egyptians to convince good Protestant mammas that "dollatry" was not the result or the origin of Mariolatry. It was a little wooden figure, with arms akimbo, cut out of a solid piece of wood, of a stiff triangular form, and painted in black and white spots. It found its way quickly to the mouths of little ones; and the wonder is that so many survived the early taste of white-lead which it communicated. Closely following on this Bayeux tapestry doll, came a huge painted log, with arms strongly resembling matches, and with legs so frail and ill fixed, that before three days in its nursery-warfare it was always in the case of Witherington, that hero of Chevy Chase, that man

> "of doleful dumps,
> Who, when his legs were both cut off,
> Still fought upon his stumps."

How children ever survived these dolls is a mystery to us. A policeman's staff could scarcely have inflicted a harder blow; and perhaps it is to this strong feature in their constitution that we are indebted for the introduction of Dutch dolls and of waxen beauties. The Dutch dolls!—what treasures they were, with their nicely adjusted joints, and limbs capable of obeying the caprices of the most exacting posture-master; and what ingenuity was called forth in the young professors of anatomy to reset the broken arms and legs. The first wax-doll who made her debut in our nursery was a court-beauty of 1795, wearing the triple plume, out of compliment to the Prince of Wales, who married in that year. Her white muslin and printed calico dress was in the fashion of the day; and the sash which confined her waist floated behind so gracefully as to make our renunciation of pomps and vanities a hard task. She hung from a stall with several sister-beauties, some wearing hats with chimney-pot crowns, some with broad brims, and some with a solitary feather; but all fashionables, all court-dresses, and all suitable companions for the wooden figures of gentlemen who hung beside them in pantaloons and Hessian boots, and who displayed, when jerked, a harlequin agility of legs and arms quite at variance with the gravity of their costume. These court-ladies were costly articles; a year's savings were sometimes required to buy one; and it was reserved for this generation to see their descendants stand in ever-blushing beauty in the London windows, declaring "We are only four-pence." What would we not have given for such an announcement from the Duchess of Devonshire or the Princess Charlotte!

The country-fair vanished away, and our toys were replaced by others of a different kind, and we scarcely knew how rapid a progress they had made, till, in the catalogue of the World's Fair for 1851, we read as follows: "In the North Transept Gallery, Class 29, Case 122, we find a rich display of model wax and rag dolls by Madame Montanari. These playthings are indeed very beautifully modelled, the hair inserted into the head, eyelashes, and eyebrows. They represent the different stages of childhood up to womanhood, and are arranged in the case so as to form interesting family-groups. They include portraits of several of the royal children. The interior of the case represents a model drawing-room, the model furniture being carved and gilt, and elaborately finished. The model rag-doll, in an adjoining small glass-case, is a newly invented article, largely patronized by connoisseurs in dolls' flesh."

We had thought, after this, that dolls' flesh could no further go; but the introduction of gutta-percha has given a new element; and crying dolls, walking dolls, and talking dolls, make grandmothers feel that they lived a century too early.

As with dolls, so with other toys, all have made rapid progress, and marked wondrous strides in the world's pace. The clumsy cart has vanished before the exquisitely finished railway-train. The French and English soldiers have given place to the Zouave, who swallows Russians at a mouthful. The wooden-horse on heavy wheels is eclipsed by a steed covered with real horse's skin, which for symmetry of form might have won the prize at the Chelmsford show; and the zoological gardens have refurnished Noah's Ark after the most approved work on natural history. Each toy, in its progress, has meanwhile done its work; it has amused the childish mind, then awakened its curiosity, then stimulated its inventive genius. He, who was scolded by his nurse as a mischievious boy who spoiled his playthings, has become the ingenious mechanic or the skilful engineer; and the fingers which hemmed the doll's robe have learned their lesson of cheerful industry to be hereafter employed on human dolls. Toys for children, while they are the record of the fashion which passeth away, are also fulfilling a higher destiny; philosophy in sport becomes science in earnest; for these toys in the hands of our infants are the parents of those great discoveries, those marvellous improvements in arts, manufactures, and commerce, which are, after all, but the playthings of children of a larger growth.—*Chambers' Journal.*

HIGHLAND SHEPHERDS AND THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD'S DOG.

The shepherds of the southern highlands of Scotland, from whom Hogg sprang, and amongst whom he passed the greater part of his life, form a class unique in Scotland, and unparalleled in the range of European society. They are thinly scattered over the country, and pass their days in solitude and seclusion; their cottages are often miles asunder, and during the inclemency of Winter they may be debarred for months from social intercourse by the wreathing snow that chokes up their pathway, while even in Summer their time is spent in lonely watchings on the hills; and their meetings are few, save when on the morning of First-day they assemble at the church in the valley. Their sense of religion is fervent and unfeigned; the faith their fathers bled for has been cherished in its purity, and its rites have acquired no gloss or tinsel from the glittering but unsubstantial adornments of society. They have little of the polish, and none of the arts derivable from an intercourse with the world. Their interests, their pursuits, and their feeling are the same; they are like one widely-scattered but soul-united family, who participate in every emotion, and with whom every feeling is mutual; they are unmoved by the storms of mankind around them; politics and sectarianism are to them tales of a distant country; they have but one monarch to serve, and the same tolling of the village bell unites all in the worship of the protecting God. The rays of knowledge and of education which have glanced through their calm retreats have taught them merely to investigate the manners of more remote districts, not to change their own. Their thirst for information is proportionate to the opportunity which their habits afford them of gratifying it; and their natural shrewdness has directed their taste to the most pure and useful channels. It is seldom that you can encounter a shepherd upon the hills that he is not busily occupied with a book, whilst his plaid thrown across his arm shelters the beams of the sun from the page over which he has lain down to ponder; and every idea he is imbibing takes a tinge from the sublimity or beauty of the scenery by which he is surrounded. From this daily and uninterrupted stream of knowledge, these Scottish worthies derive an acquaintance with literature and the world unparalleled in any equally humble class of men in any country in Europe, and excelled by few even in the higher and well-educated walks of life. * * *

The celebrated shepherd-poet, James Hogg, had a dog named Sirrah. "He was," says he, "beyond all comparison, the best dog I ever saw. He was of a surly, unsocial temper, disdaining all flattery, and refused to be caressed; but his attention to his master may never again be equalled by any of the canine race. The first time I saw him, a *drover* was leading him by a rope; he was hungry and lean, and far from being a beautiful cur. The man had bought him of a boy for three shillings, somewhere on the Border, and doubtless had fed him very ill on his journey. I thought I discovered a sort of sullen intelligence in his face, notwithstanding his dejected and forlorn situation; so I gave the drover a guinea for him, and appropriated him to myself. He was scarcely then a year old, and knew so little of herding that he had never turned sheep in his life; but as soon as he discovered that if was his duty to do